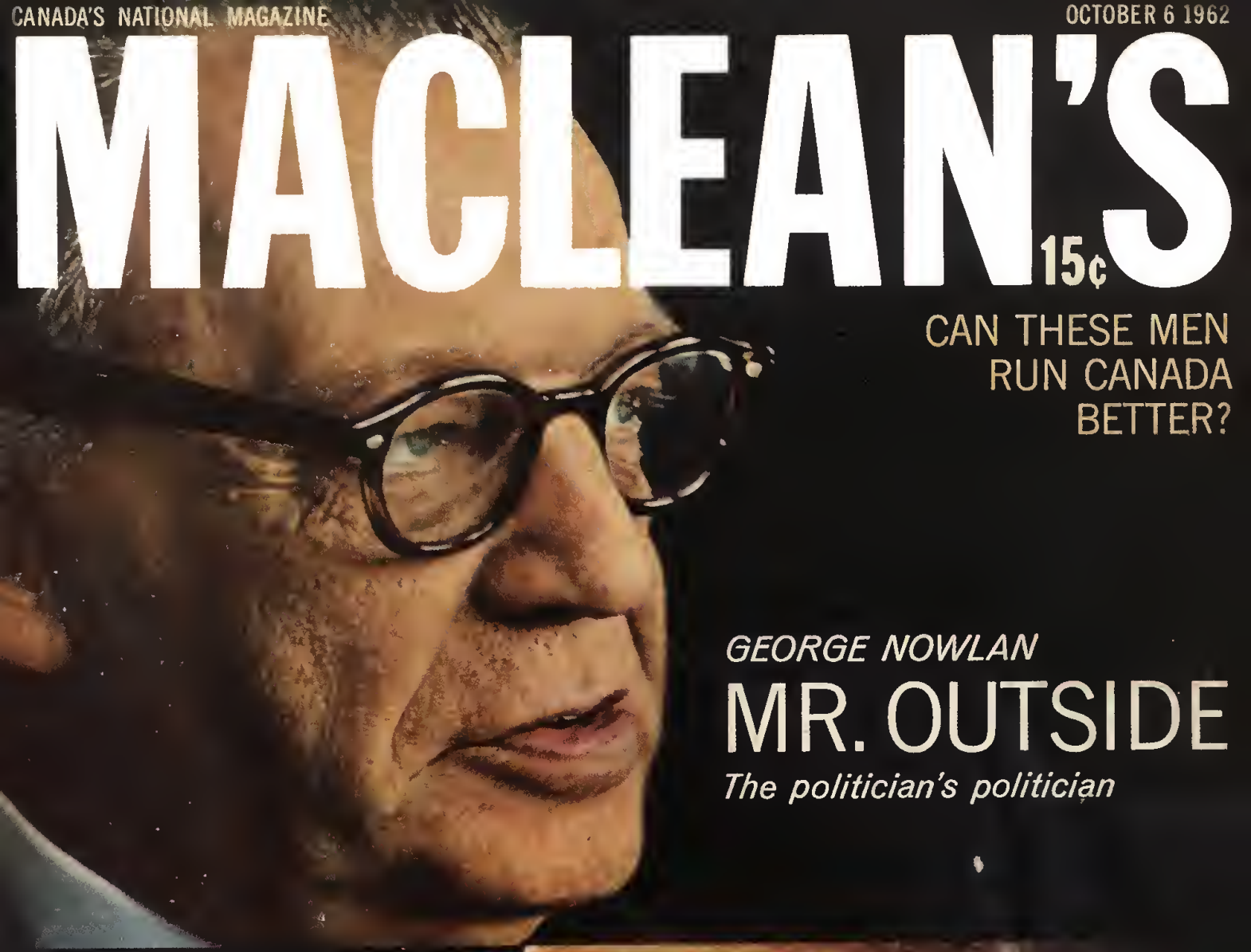
CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

OCTOBER 6 1962

MACLEAN'S

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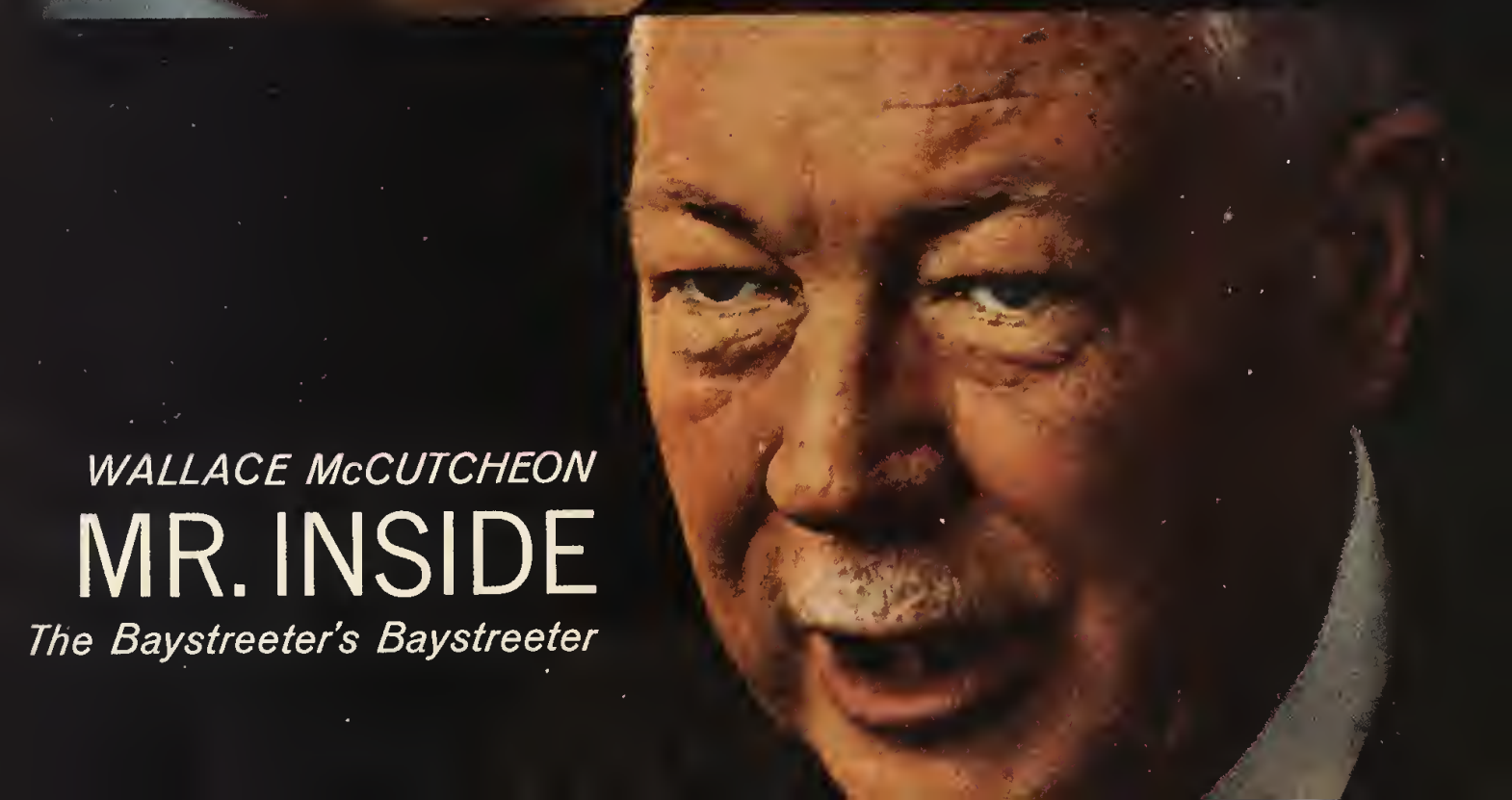
CAN THESE MEN RUN CANADA BETTER?



GEORGE NOWLAN

MR. OUTSIDE

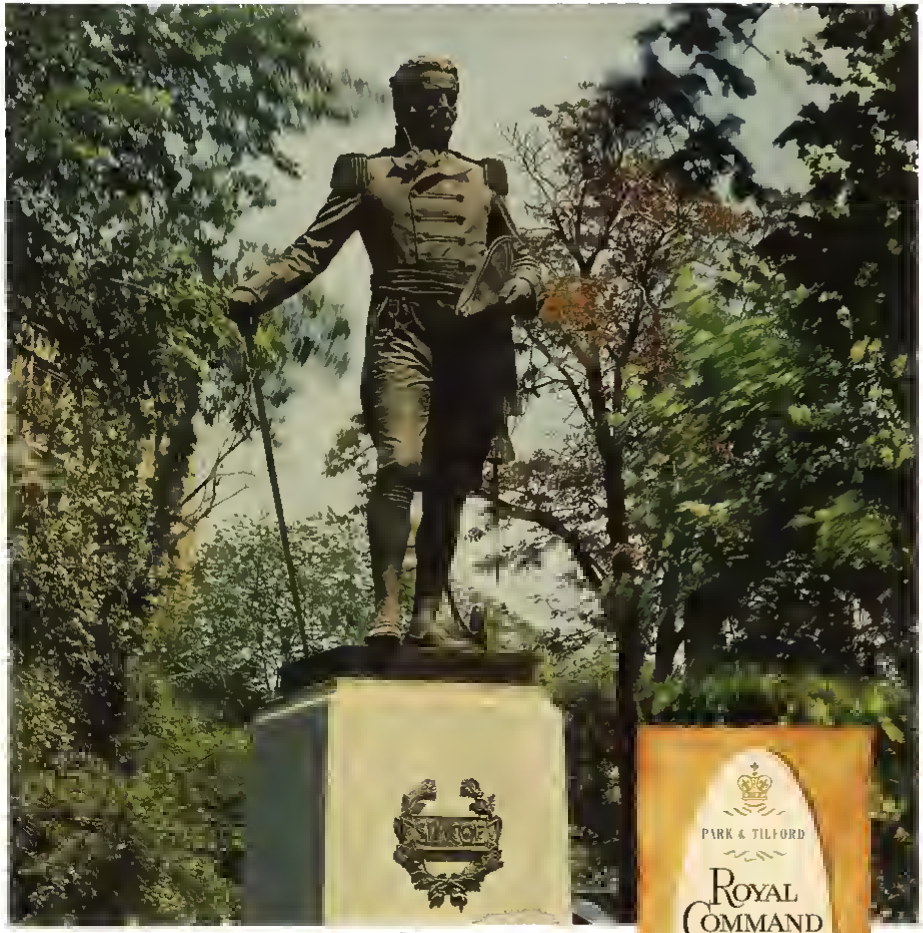
The politician's politician



WALLACE McCUTCHEON

MR. INSIDE

The Baystreeter's Baystreeter



Statue of Lt. Col. John Graves Simcoe in Queen's Park, Toronto
Simcoe was the first governor of Upper Canada and in 1793 founded the City of Toronto

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MACLEAN'S REPORTS

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE — OCTOBER 6 1962



The Doukhobor march: portrait of a town waiting for trouble

THE CITIZENS OF AGASSIZ, a little town seventy-five miles up the Fraser Valley from Vancouver, have always appreciated the value of a government payroll. The biggest employer in the district is the Dominion Experimental Farm, and the second biggest is a provincial reformatory. They both bring government checks and a measure of prosperity to the town. So when the federal government wanted to locate a third establishment there, some of the Agassiz people went out of their way to welcome it.

What they welcomed was Montague Camp, the federal government's special prison for Doukhobor lawbreakers. With it they got something more than a government payroll: the strong possibility of a first-class municipal disaster.

The disaster began to threaten Agassiz (pronounced *a-ga-see*) when the leaders of several hundred Doukhobors at Krestova announced that they would march their people to Agassiz, where they would resettle and live near their friends in prison. The march got started, faltered once, and then apparently bogged down in a leadership struggle within the Sons of Freedom. But the people of Agassiz knew that the idea, once broached and taken seriously by the Doukhobors, might very well be carried out either now or some months from now.

For Agassiz this could mean chaos, and as the local people contemplated the possibilities they could take no comfort from the fact that they had brought it on themselves. The government originally designated Chilliwack, across the Fraser River as the prison site, but Chilliwack turned it down. Agassiz jumped at the chance. On the same day that Chilliwack wired its refusal to the justice minister's office in Ottawa, Agassiz wired an invitation. The federal government accepted, bought a piece of land and started building.

Originally the Agassiz prison was to hold 100 inmates, but by the time it was finished in July it was big enough to accommodate 300 and looked much more ominous than anyone had expected. On July 12 a Vancouver newspaper reported (wrongly) that the 68 convicted Sons of Freedom were to be transferred that day from New Westminster to Agassiz. The next day a sawmill burned down and three wicks wrapped in oily cloths were discovered in barns. There was no proof that the Doukhobors were involved. "But," says John Green, the publisher of the Agassiz-Harrison Advance, "it sure started a lot of people muttering."

Though there were no threats of violent resistance, no forming of vigilante groups, the muttering increased after the Doukhobors announced their mass movement. Agassiz, like most towns of 1,000, hasn't the resources to absorb 400 to 600 newcomers. It hasn't enough schools, sewers, houses, land, welfare services or police. The townspeople weren't worried about the Doukhobors' arsonist tendencies—Doukhobors rarely burn houses or anything else containing humans—but some of the dairy farmers outside the town were worried about their barns. A few of them, in fact, threatened to boycott the Agassiz merchants who asked for the prison.

Just how the Doukhobors would live if they reached Agassiz was the question that bothered the local people. To prevent the creation of a shacktown, the Kent Township Council hurriedly rammed through a building bylaw. But some people were determined to be understanding: at least two farmers offered part of their farms as camping land, and some land was set aside at the experimental farm for possible settlement. Some rooms were located as possible temporary classrooms, and the provincial government made plans to set up a welfare office.

These things could only soften the blow to the town, but the people of Agassiz were determined to take it as philosophically as possible. "A lot of people here," a businessman told me, "would just like to understand. But anyone who understands the Sons of Freedom would take his place in Canadian history." In mid-September the Agassiz people were hoping passionately that they would not have to learn any more than they already knew about Doukhobors: they were hoping in fact that sometime in the course of the long march the Sons would turn around and go back to Krestova. At Agassiz it looked as if the best thing anyone could do was pray for rain. DERM DUNWOODY

BACKSTAGE IN OTTAWA



PETER C. NEWMAN

Could the Tories win by making Pearson prime minister?

THE QUESTION THAT INTRIGUES Ottawa these days is this: would Lester Pearson — who has spent the past four years plotting the overthrow of the Diefenbaker administration — accept or reject an offer from Governor-General Georges Vanier to form a government?

The question springs from a theory that John Diefenbaker may not choose to go directly back to the hustings if he is defeated on a motion of no confidence. An idea being widely discussed among Tory strategists is whether the defeated prime minister should then advise the Governor-General that since an immediate general election would not be in the national interest, the Liberals should be asked to form a temporary administration.



Advice [illegible] of Tory gifts

While nobody is sure how Diefenbaker feels about this option, Liberal party strategists who have considered the possibility disagree on the right response for Lester Pearson. Some believe that Pearson should take on the challenge. He would very shortly have to face an election anyway, since a minority Liberal regime couldn't survive long in the House either. But he would then have the advantage of going to the country as a prime minister seeking a stronger mandate. Others insist that such a step would make the Liberal leader appear too hungry for power and that the whole situation is too close a parallel to Arthur Meighen's great political blunder in 1926. (Meighen accepted the prime ministership under not dissimilar circumstances and was slaughtered at the polls.)

Tory strategists see a great tactical advantage in instigating such a manoeuvre, because they're convinced that Pearson would turn down the offer. Diefenbaker could then go into the inevitable election on the offensive — his most effective hustings image. He could claim that the nation had been plunged into another costly disruptive electoral contest because of Pearson's refusal to govern, thus keeping the campaign away from the issues on which the Tories are vulnerable.

No matter what the circumstance which finally drives them back to the hustings, the Liberals are planning a very different campaign from the one they ran last spring. This time, Lester Pearson will try to avoid sharing with the two minor parties any gains the opposition may make from the Conservatives. (On June 18 the NDP and Social Credit received 1,932,483 votes compared with the Liberals' 2,871,868 and the Tories' 2,867,553.)

The plain fact is that the Liberals can't hope to win the election simply by taking more votes away from the Conservatives. Liberal statisticians have calculated that even if the Conservative vote drops to its hard-core strength of the 1953 campaign (when only fifty ridings sent Conservatives to Ottawa), and the opposition vote splits as it did last June, Pearson will still not get a majority.

That's why, in their next journey to the hustings, the Liberals plan to relegate their attacks on the Diefenbaker administration to a secondary theme. Pearson will attempt to put on a positive campaign aimed at winning

support among voters who might otherwise go NDP or Social Credit

In trying to pry away potential NDP ballots the accent will be on the Liberal *platform*. In attempting to shrink Social Credit totals — particularly in Quebec — the emphasis will be on the Liberal party *organization*

The active chase after NDP sympathizers doesn't mean that the Liberal party plans to become any more radical To do that would drive away nor only disillusioned Tories but right wing Liberals as well It does mean that the same platform the Liberals used on June 18 will be presented in a new way designed to attract all left-of-centre voters except hard-core NDPers

THE CADUETTE PROBLEM

Instead of vaguely reiterating grand promises Pearson plans next time around to spell out in simple phrases his party's exact intention — particularly in social welfare Such planks as the establishment of a municipal loan fund a contributory pension scheme a health plan and universal scholarships will be exploited not as vague pledges but as definite and detailed undertakings

Against Réal Caouette's renegade throng of French Canadian Social Crediters Liberal strategy will be based not so much on the platform as on a drastic recasting of the party's organization in Quebec

Intensive public opinion polls are now under way in five Quebec ridings to gauge the depth and permanence of the *Creditiste* penetration The dimension of Caouette's sweep last June 18 is even more impressive than the number of seats he won would indicate Outside Montreal Island (where the Socreds didn't campaign) Caouette received 501,000 ballots considerably more than the Liberals were able to get and a great deal more than the combined Conservative and NDP totals outside Montreal

One promptly squelched suggestion for reorienting the Liberal approach in Quebec was made by Yvon Dupuis the member for St Jean during the post-election party caucus in Ottawa Dupuis insisted with some heat that the only way to beat Caouette was to get a bigger louder demagogue and he helpfully offered himself as a volunteer A more likely possibility is the harnessing of Premier Jean Lesage's provincial machine to the federal bandwagon Fairly plain warnings have gone out to Lesage that if he has any long term federal ambitions he'd better deliver a sizable block of Quebec seats in the next election Last spring Lesage deliberately kept most of his organizers out of the federal contest

THE PLAN INCLUDES ONTARIO

Although they'll concentrate on trying to recapture Quebec, the Liberals efforts won't let up in Ontario, the province where the party won its most impressive victories last June 18 Since the election party organizers have been sent into every one of the Ontario ridings which didn't go Liberal to discover what went wrong and what to do about it Liberal strategists are basing their estimates for the next election on a gain of at least twenty two seats in Ontario and Quebec

The party's hopes in the Maritimes are concentrated on seven seats Kings, P E I Yorks-Sunbury, N B and Shelburne Pictou Cumberland and the two Halifax seats in Nova Scotia The dozen additions plotted for the prairies and B C are nearly all urban constituencies This formula for victory would give Pearson 141 MPs—eight more than he needs to become the fourteenth prime minister of Canada.

OVERSEAS REPORT

BLAIR FRASER



What's haunting Dief? The ghost of speeches past

NEMESIS has been on John Diefenbaker's track ever since the Prime Ministers' Conference began In the persistent reports and discussions of the Diefenbaker "plan" for expanding Commonwealth trade as an alternative to entering the European Common Market, his words of former years keep echoing back to plague him

It quickly became apparent that in fact Prime Minister Diefenbaker didn't have any plan—and it's only fair to note that this time at least he never suggested he had one All he ever said was that alternatives did exist whereby Commonwealth trade might be expanded It was the British press not the prime minister who promoted this modest remark into a Canadian counterproposal However, force of habit rather than malice led to the overstatement Plans for expanding Commonwealth trade are the very thing for which the Diefenbaker name is famous or notorious in British political circles

No doubt 1957 seems a longer time ago to Prime Minister Diefenbaker than it does to his hosts and critics in Britain To them it seems like yesterday that the new pro-Commonwealth statesman from Canada first came over with his vague but stirring calls for strengthening the Commonwealth. They remember particularly his suggestion that fifteen percent of Canada's external trade be transferred from the U S to Britain

The British made the pardonable error of assuming this meant that he intended some change in Canadian trading policy They knew (and they realized that he as a newcomer to office might not have known) how difficult this would be within the confines of GATT, the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade to which Canada and Britain both subscribe and which strictly forbids discrimination among nations Just about the only exception to the prohibition against new preferences is the total removal of tariffs to form a free trade area Accordingly the British proposed this type of GATT-proof agreement with Canada

The offer was brought to Ottawa in September 1957 by Derick Heathcoat Amory now Viscount Amory and British High Commissioner to Canada but then a member of the British Cabinet Ir was greeted with shocked and stony silence by the Diefenbaker cabinet Nothing it turned out, had been farther from their minds than free trade with Britain or anybody else Any changes they did make in the treatment of British goods and they made several were all in the direction of increasing protection against them

Canada's prestige in Britain has never quite recovered from this initial disillusion but at least the relation continued to be friendly enough even if the element of respect had diminished Britain actually fell in with Canada's desire to hold a Commonwealth Economic Conference in 1958 as promised in the Canadian election campaign and was even kind enough to make some announcements of economic policy during the Conference in order to add to its appearance of substance Actual unfriendliness didn't develop until last year at the Commonwealth Conference in Accra when George Hees and Donald Fleming led the attack on Britain's proposal to enter the European Common Market Chatting with an Englishman a while ago I made a facetious remark about the Hees-Fleming *demarche* He smiled rather stiffly It's all right to joke about it now" he said but at the time, I assure you, it didn't strike us as a bit funny"

Another Briton explaining the effect of Accra said "there was no surprise or resentment on the part of the British *government* at the frank blunt speeches around the conference table We are used to it and we welcome it—if we didn't speak frankly the conferences would serve no purpose. The only trouble at Accra was that the Canadian speeches got published in unusual detail and those reports went back to British newspapers I'm afraid the British *public* is not so accustomed as the government to this blunt language and so there was a rather hostile reaction

I then asked if the British government was equally calm and good-tempered about Donald Fleming's public insistence last January on getting the full text (no summary would do) of Edward Heath's opening speech for Britain at the Common Market meeting in Brussels The clear implication of Fleming's demand was that the text would show some breach of faith which a summary might omit, and I wondered if even the unflappable British had taken this insinuation without anger

After two or three seconds of silence the Englishman said "I think if you don't mind I won't answer that question"

This historical background may explain the reaction in London which ranges from contemptuous to openly hostile to the so-called Diefenbaker "plan" for Commonwealth trade Only the Beaverbrook papers, a doubtful asset, are sympathetic The rest are cool and acidly sceptical both in their own editorial comments and in newspaper reports of official reaction in Whitehall

Gerald Nabarro MP, a Pecks bad boy of the Tory back benches used ruder language than the courtly Prime Minister Macmillan would ever permit himself but I suspect he



Dief as Empire statesman the old image won't die

gave the real view of the average Britisher "You cannot have it both ways, Mr Diefenbaker—fine words butter no parsnips," and he went on with a sharp and detailed attack on Canada for erecting "high tariffs and strict quotas" against British goods while "generous openhearted Britain has been admitting with our tariff unlimited Canadian food and raw materials.

What Britain will actually do about the Common Market remains to be seen The trend of public opinion seems to be running strongly against it just now and the Labor Party is cautiously deploying to take advantage of this swing by demanding not outright rejection of the European Community but at least better terms for the Commonwealth a safe and sound election plank The Conservatives themselves are divided just how deeply nobody can tell for sure. On the other hand the Macmillan government for obvious reasons hasn't yet been able to make an all-out fight for its determined policy of entering a united Europe—it cannot do so until the terms are final without dashing all hope of getting better ones from the French and the Germans

These are questions Britain will have to answer in the months to come. Meanwhile it seems unlikely that Canada's opinion will carry much weight one way or the other

IMAGES

How to spot the Ottawa Man: a concise guide

IN MOST CANADIAN CITIES a young man on the way up tries hard to make other people notice him. He's brash, he's bombastic, he's got brazzz Success, he knows comes to the man who stands out in the crowd. But there's one city in this country where following that formula could mean not personal glory but self-destruction That city is Ottawa There, it's well known that success in civil service circles, comes to the man who looks just like everybody else (everybody else important, that is). For the Ottawa man on the rise what's *de rigueur* is urbane anonymity It's a curious but irrefutable fact that the people who do the people's business move upward to the higher echelons by being received and seemly distinguishable only to the educated eye

This is why the city has developed a unique character type who can only be called Ottawa Man. Young men of ambition in the nation's capital relentlessly pursue a single goal to turn themselves into Ottawa Men When they make it they become a special variety of the human species as alien to a Montrealer as a Mau Mau, as alien to a Torontonian as a Turk.

By definition the Ottawa Man is inconspicuous. He's also highly educated (very often in England as well as Canada) formal in manner meticulous in speech He's a snob but a nice snob a gentle man who nothing common does or mean (he never gossips) He is most like himself when he unavoidably fetches up—at an airport, perhaps—next to a Toronto Man whom he regards as crass, vulgar, and probably in advertising

The Ottawa Man is likely to be in External (Affairs, that is the peak of Ottawa Man achievement) or Finance or even Trade and Commerce but he can't be found in the Queen's Printer, Agriculture or Veterans Affairs. (In brief, all civil servants are by no



A clash of styles Toronto Man meets Ottawa Man

means Ottawa Men and you can be an Ottawa Man in other lines of work—in the CBC administration of course, the Canada Council, UNESCO) The Ottawa Man is well but not lavishly paid He aspires to a deputy ministership the China Desk or the permanent delegation at the UN

For tourists who may want to spot him, or careerists who may want to emulate him this is the Ottawa Man 1962, an all-Canadian sociological phenomenon

■ *Dress* He wears a navy blue suit with a vest, carries an umbrella (black furled with wooden handle) lets his hair grow rather too long His glasses have gold or tortoise-shell rims, and his large brown briefcase (not attaché case) is always bulging and worn about the handle. He never wears button-down shirts, narrow ties summer suits or snap-brim hats

■ *Conversation* Unlike men elsewhere in Canada he seldom uses slang. You'll never hear him say "fink" or "impact wise," or *anything* like that. You will hear him say (constantly), "So I've heard," or "I'm told by," or "I explored this point with Mike" He will not discuss partisan politics with any but intimate friends, and you will see him smile at an anti-Diefenbaker joke only if he knows you fairly well When he does loosen up however it will come out that he thinks John Diefenbaker is an upstart and that he regrets the Fall (of 1957) Most of the time he's apt to talk about constitutional fine points, the coming crisis in Central Africa, and the Pilkington commission on broadcasting in Britain He *still* talks about the Rowell-Sirois report

■ *Women.* He never appears with the big, bud blondes in bouffants who are popular elsewhere, he doesn't even dream about them. His wife tries for the little-brown-hen look shiny clean undyed hair cashmere sweater string of pearls black silk dress white kid gloves old beaver coat—maybe a small, tatty mink stole She knows what to do at a formal dinner she belongs to the National Gallery Association, sits on the Tory Testing Committee and ushers at the Ottawa Choral Society

■ *Taste* He drinks sherry, wine ale or Scotch, not martinis manhattans or daiquiris. He never drives a big new car he has a Morris or Austin or Vauxhall or perhaps a 55 Ford with the insignia removed His house has a log fireplace a study, comfortable chairs (some leather) frayed Oriental rug and TV or his film night. He doesn't know who Ben Casey is, and he's barely heard of Harold Town though he owns an A Y Jackson and may very well possess a faded lithograph of the skating pond at Rideau Hall in 1872. He never talks about Pierre Berton, the Diners Club, Norman Mailer or the *Nouvelle Vague*

■ *Leisure* He skis at Fortune in winter, plays tennis in summer walks (literally) in the Gatineau in the fall

■ *Entertainment* He doesn't go to bars dine in restaurants listen to jazz He knows how much his friends earn (it's in the Blue Book of departmental estimates though he never has to look it up) and they all make about what he does or within say $500 He knows no local Ottawa people in fact he sees almost nobody except other Ottawa Men and people from Abroad He gives many small dinner parties (often featuring one black-brown or yellow guest from Abroad who comes with his Oxford accent and his wife, in a sari) Once a year he gives a large cocktail party at which his guests unlike those in other parts of Canada, do not stay beyond the specified hour (six to eight p m) or get high or talk to strangers Ideally his parties have the steward from the Speaker's chamber at the bar and are catered by a Miss Minnie and her sister, who provide asparagus sandwiches radish rosettes and hot lobster canapés and wear black dresses with frilly white aprons They're professional caterers, but they aren't in the phone book and they don't come to just anyone. Only Ottawa Men CHRISTINA MCCALL NEWMAN

ARGUMENT

An all-out attack on Canada's own dirty word: ethnic

eth'nic, *adj* Also **eth'nical.** 1 Neither Jewish nor Christian pagan 2 Of, pertaining to, or designating races or groups of races discriminated on the basis of common traits, customs, etc, ethnological as, the *ethnic* divisions of mankind — **eth'nically,** *adv*

— *Webster's Collegiate Dictionary*

A HEADLINE in the Toronto Star last summer read Metro's ethnic people voted Canadian, not racial The article beneath the headline used the words "ethnics" and "ethnic people" and quoted a political party strategist's opinion "The ethnic vote generally voted the same as the native Canadian vote"

A visitor to Canada would have had great difficulty understanding just what this was all about. Americans and Britons rarely use ethnic in this illiterate way and in most of the other English-speaking countries the word means just what the dictionary says it means divisions of mankind as distinguished by customs and language In English-speaking Canada it means something else people of non-English-speaking descent or background

This meaning has gone unchallenged for too long the usage should be stopped before it becomes a permanent blot on the Canadian language These days politicians use it, newspapers print it TV commentators say it. Perhaps few of them know that it is incorrect and ungrammatical as well as insulting and stupid It is, in fact the original Canadian dirty word, an invention all our own

It's incorrect because as the dictionary makes plain *all* people (yes, even Anglo-Saxon Canadians) belong to ethnic groups It's ungrammatical because "ethnic" is an adjective, not a noun the reporter quoted above, and the TV commentators who speak of "the

Authorized as second-class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa.

ethnic" are using it incorrectly as a noun.

But what is wrong with "ethnic" above everything else is that the use of the word makes it plain to non Anglo-Saxons that they are not being accepted as what they want to be: Canadian citizens and voters interested in the development of Canada as a country and not as a collection of various pressure groups.

The popularity of this kind of "ethnic" began to grow seven or eight years ago when the postwar immigrants began to earn Canadian citizenship and those who are seeking their support — politicians and newspapers, mainly — had to find a new name for them. Professional patriots had been hunting for a perfect epithet and they found it in "the ethnic groups." This was just what they wanted. It sounded correct, inoffensive and slightly classy, in a sociological sort of way. But it also served to make the vital distinction between "us" (Anglo-Saxons) and "them" (the rest).

Non-Anglo-Saxon Canadians react to "ethnic" with the same shrug of quiet disgust that they reserved for "DP" and "foreigner" a decade ago. Few of them protest, but those who do find that journalists and politicians drop the word when its offensive and patronizing overtones are pointed out to them.

Among Anglo-Saxons there are a few anti-ethnic crusaders, like Glyn Allen of the federal Department of Citizenship and Immigration. Allen rejects the term "ethnic" and likes to tell people that he is "a self-confessed ethnic."

A few more people with Allen's attitude could rid the country of this word, but perhaps the "ethnics" will accomplish the process by themselves. After all, they voted in the last federal election for candidates who most impressed them not for those who tried hardest to flatter their prejudices. EVA SZULINES

(Miss Szulner is a Canadian free-lance writer of Hungarian birth.)

FOOTNOTES

About names

THEY NEED ONE UP NORTH. Soon the Northwest Territories will be divided into two along the 105th meridian, following more logically their economic and geographic differences. Each part will be renamed, and the more settled and developed western part is to be called Mackenzie. The name for the eastern territory hasn't been chosen yet, but if the 7,700 residents (6,000 of them Eskimo) have their way it will be an Eskimo name. A recent poll of the citizens has narrowed the choice to four poetic and curiously modest tongue twisters, which the authorities are now considering. Inuit Nunanga, which means "the land of the Eskimo"; Nunammarik, which means "Our land isn't the only true land"; Nunasiaq, which means "Our land isn't the only beautiful land" (some of it is barely habitable); and Natilik, which means "There are no seals at all in part of our land." The final choice will probably be made in 1964 by the Commissioner of the Northwest Territories and the nine councillors, who are still having trouble pronouncing the four names in the finals. Meanwhile, any sizable immigration of seals could put Natilik off the map.

About martinis:

YOU CAN NOW DIAL ONE. A new automatic, push button martini mixer machine holds two bottles—gin and vermouth—in a necktock device. The drinker sets the dial to the right proportions, pushes a button, and a scientifically mixed cocktail flows into an iced glass. You add the olive. The mixers are now manufactured in the United States by Ametek Inc. as a sideline to its main product: missile parts.

EDITORIAL

A fantasy for the times: what to do in the Age of Overkill

EVER SINCE THE EERIE DAWN of the Age of Overkill, we have now and then retreated from the nuclear danger on all sides into a fiction of peace in our time that goes like this:

- One morning Canada tells the world that we are moving out of the several million empty acres north of the 54th parallel. We make only one condition — the USSR must assume sovereignty over the territory we vacate.
- The Russians move in. In the first place, they now know that they have enough brains and money to make use of the Arctic while we now know that we haven't. In the second place, they know that if they don't move into our north the Americans will.
- Some Americans in the Senate and elsewhere, threaten to shoot rockets at what was the Canadian north. No rockets are launched, however, because in the early stages they would hit Canadians, which would be as bad as hitting Cubans, and in the later stages they would hit Russians, which would cause the Russians to shoot rockets back.
- Before long many millions of Russians and maybe even Chinese are running a busy industrial, agricultural and military establishment on the top half of the continent. Among the many things they build are bigger and better rocket emplacements pointed at the Americans, who build bigger and better rocket emplacements pointed at the Russians.
- The Americans and the Russians then sign a ban on nuclear testing. Within a few days they sign a disarmament treaty. They do this because both sides realize they have been caught in a miscalculation, somebody is going to get hurt.

The Russian miscalculation is this: they have always believed that the Americans will never *really* shoot first. Now, living as close to the Americans as we do, they are no longer quite so sure.

The Americans, for their part, have always believed that the Russians can't *really* do them mortal harm from bases thousands of miles away — not as much harm, anyway, as the Americans can do the Russians from bases right next door to the USSR. Now, with the Russians a few hundred miles away to the north, the Americans are changing their minds.

THIS FANTASY has never been harder to dismiss from our minds than it is now in the autumn of 1962, year five of the Age of Overkill. From Geneva where the disarmament teams from the East and West have been playing each other for months with no score, both sides are ready to report to the General Assembly of the UN this fall that tests and the arms race will continue under the old rules.

We have had this word from the disarmament negotiators before. But this time the antagonists are excruciatingly close to agreement, at least on the terms of a nuclear test ban. They are so close to agreement, indeed, that with some help a country like Canada now has at least a slim chance of pushing them the rest of the way. Our right to try is evident enough — the heavy rain from the nuclear tests is falling on *us*, with effects that only God (certainly not the house scientists who issue the official reassurances that radiation is relatively harmless) knows. The tests continue, if we understand the language used in Geneva, because the Russians insist on an uncontrolled moratorium on underground tests as well as a ban on all other tests. The Americans want controls on underground tests, without them they say, the Russians might get away with small specially engineered underground experiments.

Maybe the Americans have forgotten that the Russians already have Overkill, as they say, and will be no more fearsome with an improved small bomb than they are without it. Maybe the Americans have forgotten they have that ugly thing themselves. We haven't, and we doubt whether many of the other people on the world's streets have. We hope the Canadian delegation to the UN hasn't, either, and that at the General Assembly this fall the Canadians will forego ringing platitudes about freedom and concentrate instead, by every device of practical politics at their command, on making it clear that the quibble stalling a test ban between the US and the USSR has the sanction of nobody.

If they can negotiate a test ban, as in fact they can, they can also negotiate an end to the arms race. And, in those moments when our mind is wandering, we can even keep the north. KEN LEFOLII



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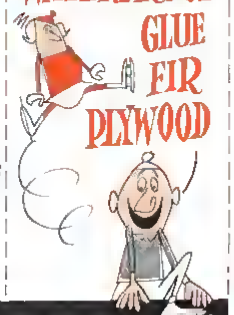
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MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE October 6 1962 VOLUME 75 NUMBER 20

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MAILBAG

What do Jehovah's Witnesses do with all that money? Department of warped minds (sex and sadism division)

The article about the Jehovah's Witnesses (New look at a turbulent sect Aug. 25) was excellent and indicates a most tolerant attitude toward an unpopular minority. In fact where opposition without investigation arises, such opposition can be written off—as bigotry. Mrs. Maclean's always be a champion of open debate. — J. C. BEELER, OKLEIGH, SASK.

"If the members are not paid and all the work, papers, ink, and so on are donated, where does all the money go?" —MRS. IDA DAVY, WHITE FOX, SASK.

"Thank you for your interesting and unbiased article on the Jehovah's Witnesses. However, I would like to draw your attention to the fact that all the profit on our literature is regarded by us as a contribution and is used to help our brethren who are doing missionary work in other countries, or to cover congregational expenses, etc. Please rest assured that we do not keep it for personal gain or use. The money belongs to all of us.—PETER ANDTCHMAN, ELLIOT LAKE

In the eye of the beholder

I have just read This Forteight by Robert Fulford (Maclean's Reviews Sept. 8) and I quote from it: "There are many novels ... which are sexier and more stimulating than Tropic of Cancer. The Carpetbaggers, for instance ... will stimulate any sadism. By Love Possessed is a dirtier book ... I am fed up with this kind of nonsense. What is Fulford trying to say? He is inferring as many writers do these days, that sex and sadism are almost synonymous. Sex and violence have been mentioned in the same breath so frequently that no inexperienced person might conclude that you can't have one without the other. He also suggests that sex is dirty. Sex is not dirty and there is no connection between sex and violence except to people with warped minds. —JOHN ROBERTS, WINNIPEG

The two Israels

Having just returned from my third trip to Israel in three years, I was delighted to find Mordecai Richler's articles. All I can say is there must be two Israels: one is that contemptible country filled with hate, cheats and complaining bigots, the Israel of Richler; the other is a land of problems too, but filled with people who are entirely willing to make sacrifices for their brothers, and with a minimum of complaints, my Israel! I can only believe that Mr. Richler, who claims to have been filled with joy and delight at seeing Israel for the first time, was so busy bending over backwards in his attempt at unbiased journalism that he went overboard with cutesism. Surely in between belts at his other homeland he might have found one nice thing to say about it. ... Mr. Richler seems to have chosen as his theme the burgeoning race hatred in Israel. It is true that when Jews from Russia or Poland or Germany are put into a collective settlement together there is endless wrangling. The differences in culture surely not color are to blame. It was with great joy that I was invited to the wedding of my blond Russian-descended cousin to a tans dark Yemenite girl. No thought was given to the prospective blend of hues. As the younger generation grows with similar backgrounds the differences melt away. —MRS. LOUISE COHNE, M. TORONTO

What Westmount lacks

I see by the leading occasionalls of your magazine that Quebec is an interesting subject for the Anglo-Saxons.

The last article on Westmount (A portrait of Westmount, Sept. 8) was good enough. In my opinion if the English had the privilege to take pi-



most all the best in any province, it is because we the French were too good. Our religion preaches tolerance, charity, humbleness. But this time is gone forever. The new general order will not be submissive. As for the pretension on the English side that we did not have engineers, it is not true. We always had some, but the English did not try to feed them. ... On the English side it is the business that prevails; on the French side it is the arts. We did not make money. Oh... but we had something else that the Anglo-Saxons will never have with their cool, phlegmatic constitutions: *la joie de vivre*, good eating, hospitality and real warmth! They can have all the nice lawns with flowers arranged in clean rows, valuable dogs, houses big as castles. You never hear passing by these houses a frank and honest laughter! And you never see children playing on the ground or [illegible] sitting in the parks. I thank God every day to be on the French side. —MIREILLE LAFRANCE, MONTREAL

For laughing out loud

It has been many, many years since I have read anything in your magazine—or any other—that has given me such a deep, laughing-out-loud pleasure as Jean Templeton's story (The weighting game, Sept. 8) in your current issue. She is magnificent. —RICHARD A. TESHER, TORONTO

continued on page 10





Who knits Viyella?

Tony Day does . . . that's who! Tony Day imports a luxurious new Viyella yarn (brother to famous *woven* Viyella) and cleverly knits it into sweaters and shirts for men. But only for men who want flawless British styling along with Viyella's soft, weightless warmth. If that's you, take your pick of nine conservative colours at better men's wear counters everywhere. Unshrinkable* of course.

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Tony Day

SWEATERS and SHIRTS of knitted Viyella

Canada the federal hodge podge of 10 little kingdoms

To repay victims of crime, put the criminals to work

Checks fin Peter Newman's editorial call (Aug. 11) for a federal securities commission making investment safer for the little man. As Newman says, the real point is that "a single well-run *registrable administered federal* exchange act would imply replacing the provincial commissions." That's an idea which can be adapted in many other fields as well. Canada is too much a hodge podge of ten little kingdoms. Without a more efficient administration and economy we will not be able to withstand the competition which Ken Fetherstonhaugh (Why Canada needs a new kind of nationalism) predicts for us.—RAYMOND ROBERTS, OTTAWA.

Footnote to Chinese immigration

In The criminal society that dominates the Chinese in Canada (April 7) Maclean's implied that my brother Joseph Hupe, wilfully committed suicide rather than stand trial in court.

Joseph Hupe had not been charged with any offence. Furthermore there was no trial of Joseph Hupe the day following his death. Furthermore Joseph Hupe had not even been committed for any trial. The coroner's report listed his death as accidental and said that he had suffered from marked arterioscleroses.

The immediate family and those who knew Joseph Hupe feel you have maligned a public spirited and kindly man and that you have brought embarrassment into their daily lives. As you know Canadian judicature is clear in that a man is not guilty until proven so by a court of law. Because the RCMP chooses to conduct an investigation does not mean that everyone involved is at once guilty.

Joseph Hope was born in Canada some 65 years ago. During the Second World War he was well known for his assistance to many national leaders in prosecuting the Canadian war effort. Prior to his illness he had been active in community affairs in Vancouver. In 1958 he was chairman of the Vancouver Chinese Public School Board, leading in the organization of the British Columbia Centennial Celebrations in Vancouver. Since 1959 however he had suffered a decline in health leading to hospitalization and constant medical treatment including barbiturates and other drugs. — VINCENT HOPE, TORONTO.

Mr. Vincent Hupey's account is inaccurate. Joseph Hupe had not been committed for trial. Maclean's regrets any embarrassment this statement has caused Mr. Hupe's family or friends.

Where to find the Tiger

I enjoyed the article about Tiger Dunlop, Esq. (Aug. 25) but was sorry it did not tell where he is buried. His grave is on a high hill about a mile out of Goderich. A stone wall surrounds his resting place and the ships up in it are painted white. It can plainly be seen across the river when coming down the hill out of Goderich.

There are signs on the road nearing Dunlop's tomb showing tourists where it may be found.—MRS. A. T. MITCHELL, ONT.

Why victims need restitution

Jack H. Battenfeld's article, Justice for the victims of crime (April 14) should enlighten Maclean's readers on the appalling situation we have in our supposedly progressive country. A member of my own family was victimized by a thief who broke into her home and stole funds entrusted to her as treasurer of an organization. True, the housebreaker was apprehended and sent to jail but the money was gone and she regard it not of his own pocket. Surely we have people in our country who are capable of working together and who could in turn strive for a system of practical compensation for the victims of robbery and violence.—M. BRADY, PRINCE ALBERT, SASK.



★ It is time somebody took up the cause but your attitude does not as stated in your headline give the consideration that promises justice for both parties. Battenfeld's idea of date compensation merely gives another bill to the taxpayers and not only relieves the criminal of the responsibility for his actions, but provides him with free board and lodging. The rehabilitation of criminals (punishment is now a bad word) should require that the criminals be put to work in a productive capacity for three reasons: 1. To repay society for his arrest and incarceration. 2. To develop the work habit in the subject. 3. To repay the victims of crime.—G. A. ROSE, TRAPPER'S LAKE, B.C.

The first Canadian instant houses

I can hardly express my disappointment when I read your article Instant houses (July 14). Viking Vacation Homes introduced the prefabrication of "A" frame buildings to the Canadian public at the C.N.E. in 1958 and frankly struggled the first couple of years, trying to stand up to better design and quality in the prefab industry until "A" frames caught on with the public.—PAUL HERBECKER, PRESIDENT, VIKING VACATION HOMES, PORT CREDIT, ONT. ★



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S-3 ... sweetheart roses, carnations, daisies $8 $8, and $10

S-1 Thinking of you, gladiolus spray sends sympathy dollies, fern, fillers, words. $7.50, $10, $12.50

S-3 ... tightly packed white carnations, foliage $7.50 $10, $12.50

S-4 ... pink roses, carnations, pompons. $15 $20 $25 and up

S-7 ... pathy ... of pink gladioli, pink carnations $15 $18 $20, up

S-8 Poignant sympathy arrangement of red and pink roses, pink pompons $10, $15, $20

S-9 Dignified sympathy spray of gladioli, stock, mums, pompons $7.50, $10, $15 and up

S-11 ... wreath of carnations, gladioli, pompons, with ribbon $20 $25 $30 up

S-12 Memorial basket mounted in wood with carnations, gladioli, pompons, sprays $15, $20, $25

S-13 The ... Heart is created in white pompons and roses. Lovely $25 $35, $50 and up

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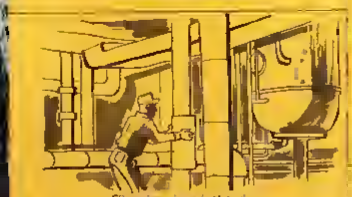



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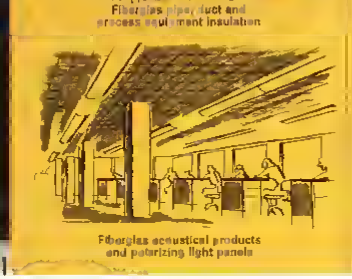

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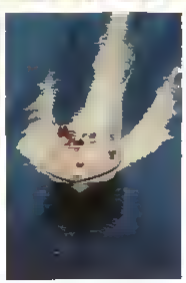

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CAN THESE MEN RUN CANADA BETTER?

BY KEN LEFOLII WHILE THE 25TH PARLIAMENT lasts, the three most powerful men in Canada are John Diefenbaker, his new finance minister George Nowlan, and a new senator and minister without portfolio whose name is Wallace McCutcheon. Until late this summer Nowlan and McCutcheon were little known outside their own professions, which are respectively federal politics and big business. This makes the *order* of their importance all the more interesting. In any showdown over how to deal with matters like unemployment and industrial stagnation — problems that now come under their jurisdiction and are the gravest the government and the country face — the two strategists to the public eye have the means if they have the will to take charge. The order of power in Canada in that event might well read McCutcheon, Nowlan, Diefenbaker.

Whether the prime minister has realized it yet or not, Wally McCutcheon's threat to resign is all he needs to win an argument with anybody in the cabinet including the prime minister himself." These are the words of a man close to the cabinet who has worked with both McCutcheon and Nowlan. His opinion is the same one held by many other men in the upper ranks of government and business.

John Diefenbaker has to satisfy Wally McCutcheon or wreck the Conservative Party with every businessman in Canada once and for all — the same man says. "McCutcheon is smart enough to know he's got the lever and tough enough to pull it."

In George Nowlan's case, the power lever is more convoluted. Rightly or wrongly, large numbers of voters now believe that Donald Fleming's ministry ran the nation's finances into the ground. Nowlan is regarded in Ottawa as the only minister in the Diefenbaker government who is gifted enough in the opaque arts of political salesmanship to persuade the electorate that, financially speaking, things are looking up. It's unlikely that even Nowlan can make the Finance ministry popular at a time when most of the alternatives open to it are unpalatable to one group of voters or another, but if he can, he will be the indispensable man in John Diefenbaker's next campaign for election.

McCutcheon is the fourth minister without portfolio appointed by John Diefenbaker, but the first of any weight. Perhaps deliberately, the prime minister has not defined McCutcheon's authority; he is simply the cabinet's expert on industry. He is one of a long line of businessmen who have been drafted into earlier cabinets the easy way, through the Senate, but his predecessors made no mark. McCutcheon's former business, the Argus Corporation, is one of the most powerful in Canada, and his cast of mind is dramatically unlike George Nowlan's.

McCutcheon is a balance sheet man," one businessman says. "He has the keenest eye in Canada for an unrealized profit. Can you imagine how he'll react to the books of an outfit like Finance that's been losing billions?

Nowlan is a politician's politician; fluent, easygoing, likeable; he is said to be the most popular man in the House among the *Liberals*. "George is a political expansionist," a close friend says. "By that, I mean his automatic impulse is to invest in the vote." As political associates, Nowlan and McCutcheon are a striking match for a metaphor that has stayed CONTINUED ON PAGE 75



Two faces of Doris Lussier. *Left: Lussier as Père Gédéon, whose changeless character has delighted Quebec for eight years. Right: Lussier as Lussier, the affable, courtly ex-professor*

THE RICHEST BARNYARD PHILOSOPHER IN SHOW BUSINESS

is Père Gédéon, an old Quebec roué who earns $100,000 a year with an earthy TV and night-club routine. Out of character (which he seldom is) Gédéon is Doris Lussier, a learned and reserved refugee from Laval University

BY ANNE MACDERMOT

THE BIGGEST, MOST PROFITABLE inside joke in the country is a pipe-sucking, teeth-picking, whisky-loving old rou from a hillbilly backwater of French Canada. He's Père Gedeon—Pete Gedeon of the Pinnttle family, a television series. Père Gedeon of The Town Above, an other television series. Père Gédéon of half the night clcb stages between Montreal and Edmundston, New Brenswick. The insiders, the people who never fail to get the joke and apparently will never tire of seeing it, are almost all the people in French Canada who own television sets. To them, this canny buck from the Beance country—crude but sophisticated kind but bitterly litigious, sixty-nine yet afflicted with all the itches of a young man—represents the things that have always been funniest in themselves and their provence.

Off stage, Père Gédéon is a courtly, forty-three-year-old ex-economics professor named Doris Lussier. Lussier is himself a native of the Beance, less than 100 miles southeast of Quebec City, where some say the practice of giving girls names to boys arose because parents had seen big families they ran out of boys' names.

As for Père Gédéon, he had no name at first. He was only an impromptu stunt Lussier performed at Quebec City cocktail parties. Yet in less than a decade, Gédéon has made Lussier one of Canada's richest comic entertainers. Thanks to Père Gédéon—his creator always refers to him in the third person—Lussier is almost a millionaire in real estate, at least. He has invested more than $750,000 chiefly in a garage, three apartment houses and a Montreal tavern. And every Saturday night from now until next spring he is booked to play clubs in Ontario, Quebec and New Brenswick. He gets $2,000 a week on the night-club circuit and in one year, plying in Montreal alone, he earned $100,000.

But if night-club work is profitable it was television that made Père Gedéon the "national" character he's become in French Canada and on October 25 for the eighth consecutive year he'll be back again in something like eighty percent of Quebec viewers' living rooms. This time—instead of a weekly family series like the Plouffes and its successor the Chevaliers and its English counterpart The Town Above—the show will consist of seven separate one-hour stories. And this time it will be frankly designed to exploit the popularity of Père Gédéon: it's called Le Petit Monde du Père Gédéon. Most of the main characters who were invented by writer Roger Lemelin for the earlier series will appear in Le Petit Monde but, for the first time, Lemelin will also introduce some of Père Gédéon's thirteen children. In the past, as the coming mentor of his younger brother's family, Père Gédéon has only talked about his own absent brood.

Whatever the innovations in Le Petit Monde, one thing is sure to stay the same. Père Gedeon, almost alone among comic characters on North American television, seems to be impervious to overexposure. Lussier says Gedeon has aged four years in the last eight, but his viewers know that Gedeon doesn't get older, he just gets more and more like himself every year.

Théophile, a Quebec City plumber, nominally the head of the Plouffe family and tends to look down on his older brother from the country. But Gedéon is easily the most popular Plouffe and obviously the brains of the family. He owns a good farm, a slice of woods and a house in Quebec City. He *prospers*, Lussier says, because he's smart.

Lussier and Lemelin, who have known each other for twenty years, share Gédéon in a unique way. It was Lemelin who gave the old man his name and has always told him exactly what to say on television. Lussier never adlibs. But it was Lussier who invented Gédéon and brought him as a finished character to Lemelin's Plouffe family in 1954. "Lemelin *knew* Gédéon through myself," Lussier says. "I rent the character to Lemelin for TV. Then I take him back for the night clubs." Lussier writes his own rambling, shaggy dog monologues for the night clubs and he sticks to his own scripts almost as faithfully as he does to Lemelin's. It doesn't seem to matter to Gédéon *who* writes his lines. He's Père Gédéon on television and Père Gedeon in a night club only in a cliché he is, in Lussier's words, "a little more Rabelaisian."

GÉDÉON'S EMBELLISHMENTS

Gédéon looks almost frail. He walks with a stoop, with one eye half-closed. He's shy one upper tooth and his hair bursts in white sprouts just north of his ears from under a broad-brimmed, tilted-back hat. His mustache is slightly smaller than a clothes whisk; his pocket watch is slightly bigger than an orange. Père Gedeon, like all the older men of Lussier's Beance country, carries his pipe, tobacco in a pig's bladder. If he's not talking he's dragging on his bent pipe. If he's talking he's still dragging on his pipe or packing it.

Lussier says Gédéon is very joyless, always having CONTINUED ON PAGE 71

A Russian's-eye view of Russia—by a Canadian

Walter Soroka *hoped to spend ten days in the Soviet Union. But he was caught there by the world's reddest red tape, and it was two years before he got home to Canada. This is his account of the life he led as a "typical young Russian" in the factories, farms and huge summer resorts behind the Iron Curtain*

with Eric Hutton

On August 13, 1959, I rode in a train across the Polish border into Soviet Russia with a ten-day visitor's visa issued by the Soviet embassy in Warsaw. It was nearly two years before I could get out of Russia again.

What kept me there so long was one element of confusion in the paper work at the border followed by twenty-three months of frustrating inability—mine and the Canadian embassy's—to solve the enigma of Soviet red tape.

I became part of a grim little game of repatriation and re-repatriation that Canada and Russia have been engaged in for several years. During that time about five thousand Ukranian-Canadians have returned to the Soviet Ukraine. About 150 of them have succeeded in getting back to Canada (when they found conditions in the Ukraine not at all what they had been led to expect). At the Canadian embassy in Moscow I was told that I was one of the fifty hundred "repatriates" of Ukrainian birth or origin who were actively trying to get exit visas to Canada.

During my two years in Russia I met several Canadian-Ukrainians. About half of them would give anything to get back to Canada; the rest were happy with their new life and had no intention of returning. Sometimes families were divided on the question.

My own intention when I entered Russia had been to have a quick look at the country my parents had come from—hence the ten-day visa. But the authorities claimed that a paper I signed at the border (it was in Russian so I had no idea what it said) was an application for repatriation. They never confronted me with that document, but for twenty-three months they stuck to their story and treated me accordingly. I was in no sense a prisoner. I lived and worked as a typical young Russian does today in the primitive Ukrainian village of Buchach, in the busy industrial city of Zaporozhi, on the Dnieper river, and as a "volunteer" on a collective sunflower-seed collective farm near the Sea of Azov.

Only once did a policeman lay a hand on me, and that ironically enough was when I had finally got my exit papers and was legally in Moscow on my way back to Canada.

THREE IN A BED I MOVED OUT

The reason I persistently declined to accept Soviet citizenship, I had frequent encounters loud and often angry but never physically menacing with assorted civil and police officials who my freedom to travel was restricted. But then the average Soviet citizen's life is considerably involved with otherwise and he isn't free to live and work just anywhere he wants either. On the other hand as a potential repatriate I was assigned as good an apartment as the senior technician in the laboratory until in the Zaporozhe transformer factory where I worked, and was paid the top wage (590 a month) in my classification of laboratory technician.

What did I see in my two years as a Soviet worker?

I saw incredible filth—and frenzied cleanliness. The customers at Buchach's bar restaurant don't use the washroom fixtures, they use the floor. But on Zaporozhe's main street a *druzhina*—volunteer policeman—bawled me out and threatened me with a fine for dropping a match on the sidewalk. The manufacture of trash cans must be one of the Soviet Union's busiest industries. There's one every few yards on the city streets.

I saw squalid overcrowding—and spacious luxury living. In Buchach I preferred to move out to a hayloft when a third occupant turned up to share one narrow bed in the house. But a few months later I was vacationing in what must be the most beautiful and certainly the largest and least expensive public resort on earth. It the Crimea's 120 miles of sparkling chalets, hostels and hotels, piers and pleasure parks, playgrounds, beaches, restaurants and gaily painted wine kiosks, existed in a Western country they would be publicized as a wonder of the world. But the Soviets seem a little sensitive about publicizing this proletarian magnificence from which all industry is banned and where pleasure is the only purpose. They prefer to show foreign visitors their purposeful factories and collective farms.

The food I ate, for two years, was bad and scarce on the collective farm and in the village plentiful but monotonous in the city. Boiled potatoes mashed with boiled onions isn't a Canadian's idea of a tasty breakfast, but that's what I was served every morning in Buchach. Two items were never lacking: bread and booze. Bread that was usually coarse, soggy and heavy as lead, and alcoholic drinks that ranged from undrinkable to excellent, but were enormously available and enormously consumed. I have sat at breakfast with men who started by downing a tumbler of vodka as casually as a Canadian would drink his orange juice.

I lived among CONTINUED ON PAGE 36



Comrades in arms: *At 590 a month, Walter Soroka (front, with tie) was earning the highest paid technicians at a transformer plant in the Ukrainian city of Zaporozhe. He had worked in a battery factory at home in Niagara Falls. Here in Zaporozhe he watches with fellow workers on May Day.*



Thin sad line: *"There's something further about the spectacle of grown men pushing their bicycles through mile after back-breaking mile, pumping their distorted thigh muscles up and down, up and down, trainmen, their jaws full of harmonica dodging cars and running sweat."*

"OHÉ, LES GARS DU TOUR DU ST. LAURENT!"

LE TOUR is a 1,000-mile bicycle race and traveling side show in Quebec and eastern Ontario. Half a million people watch it each summer. LES GARS are the 64 racers from six countries — the "strange breed" who willingly endure eight days of hell on wheels for small cash prizes and free lunches

BY PETER GZOWSKI
WITH PAINTINGS BY CARLOS MARCHIORI

A UNIQUE AND IRONMOST Canadians, baffling breed of men invaded parts of Ontario and Quebec for eight days this summer as they or others like them have been doing for nine years now. These men were bicycle racers, men who—for sport or a very little money—pedal their bikes full out as much as five hours at a time, covering sometimes a hundred miles without relaxing. Over those eight days they ground out nearly a thousand miles of what any reasonable athlete would describe with justification as torture. The occasion was the Tour de St Laurent, a race modeled closely on the Tour de France. This year's Tour attracted sixty-four entrants, about half of them from Europe, and at least half of the remainder Europeans who have settled in Canada. And though no impartial observer counted the crowds that lined the country town and village roads to watch them go by, a fair guess is that these men played — I this was CONTINUED OVERLEAF



CONTINUED play — to more than half a million people.

In design the Tour du St Laurent was more than a bicycle race. Ahead of the cyclists went a caravan of trucks and automobiles. Some carried advertising messages (advertising was supposed to pay for the Tour). Some carried entertainers who sang, blew or told jokes to crowds along the route. One car sported a steel and canvas superstructure carrying the French Canadian TV actor and MC Jean Rata and an accordion player. Rafe, over a microphone, called the villagers and townsfolk from their shops or gardens or pillows (and one day from Mass) to come and see "the greatest bicycle race in North America" — which the Tour du St Laurent is.

The caravan would reach the town that was the day's goal about half an hour before the racers, who were sitting out the pack-spoiling miles behind. It would form up near the finish line, and a girl with a bouncy figure would climb into the steel and canvas superstructure and cut loose with a song called "One les gars du Tour du St Laurent." Sometimes one or two people in the crowd, equipped with the lyrics in the Tour's program, would sing along with her. In the evening, after the racing was over, one of the tractor trailers would open into a temporary stage in the ball park or race track, and anyone who paid a quarter could see the players of Molson's Music Hall. One of these players was the sparkling and talented French Canadian chanteuse Dominique Michel, who is also the wife of Camille Henry, star — for the New York Rangers — at a game more familiar in these parts: hockey.

But the point of it all was the race and CONTINUED ON PAGE 65

The toll *In one hundred mile lap the first 23 riders all finished within ten seconds. At each lap ended riders threw themselves on the grass, later pedaled to a hotel for the huge meals they needed to keep going. As it was 22 weren't able to keep going. This 4th*



FOR THE SAKE OF ARGUMENT



Robert Fulford is Maclean's editor

Robert Fulford offers

ONE CANADIAN'S PLEA FOR A NEW CANADIAN PURPOSE

THE PLAINEST FACT OF OUR NATIONAL life is that Canada stillars in 1962 from a profoond sickness of the spirit In this anrious time as we live with a government which has lost oni snpport and an opposition which has failed to win it wa faaa something far more tarrifying than tha financial bankruptcy which has threatenad ns since the spring We face spiritual baakruptcy

The Great Canadian Crlus of 1962 goes far deeper than the problams of gavarnmant overspendiag and uncompattitive wages It springs from tha sad emptiness of the Canadian spirit What we lack as a country is what most other nations of our time abnndantly possess a purpose that streiches beyond our own needs and raaches into the lives of othar peoples aad other generations We lack a genuine reason for working hard for sacrificing for paying taxes and for being proud of onrselves And a nation which laaks this may evantually lack everything Bnt it is ow argument that this is not an inevitable condition that there are ways in which Canadians bearing in mind their history and their resonraas can find a sease of purpose

SOME COUNTRIES HAVE A DREAM

The world has haan changing too fast for Canada our friends threaten to abandon us and our markats shift beneath us In a time like this in a situation like this wa require greatness Bnt to approach greatness or creen to approach affluence requires more than cleverness aad salesmanship It requires imagination and corrage These are not qnalities which we as a nation show any preseat signs of possessing

Now these qnalities do nnt arise in a vaanam They stem from tha spirit of man and particularly from the visions of great individuals As citizens of the twentieth century we live naasily among such visions Thii spring from such things as the American draam of freedom for all men on earth the African and Asian dream of indepandanaa after aenturias of slavary the Enropean dream of a continent coma finally to rest; in peaaa aad freedom after all these decades of horror

The greatest snaesses of onr tima — the greatest *practical* successes it has to be mentioned — coma from these dreams In Canada — tired disillnsioned Canada — wa have a way of being clever about the accomplishments of othar countries I remembar a very bright history teacher who told naa cleverly that tha Marshall Plan was really nst a way to solve the overproductioa problams of the United States aad hnild new markets In the last year I have heard so oftan that I never want to hear it again ahont the essential selfishness of the European Common Market. These are good Canadiaa attitndes based on sly appreciation of the dollar bnt they do not go halfway to aa understanding of those great accomplishments

The Marshall Plan was indaad motivated partly by aconomics and partly by a desire not to lose Enrope to the Soviet Union. But it was also and most importantly a natural extension of Amarican altruism based on tha words and ideas of generations of dreamers It made its way through the Congress of the United States not jnst because a great man happened to be president and a few othar great atan shared his ideas, bnt also because the Marshall Plan was the right and natural thing for the United States with its own nnique history and dreams to do at that moment

The Enropean Commton Market is, as thev like to say an economic miracle It is also — again atost importantly — the lul lilliant of an impractical dream which stretches far baak into the nineteenth century. The Europe in visionaries knew at the beginning of thair crusade that the new Europe must be more than a collection of industrial giants selling each other automobiles They knew — and this knowledge pnshed them toward greatness — that a magnificent political accomplishment lay finally within their grasp The reconciliation of France and Germaay one small part of the Enropean transformation was by itself a magnificent goal to whnh men could devote thair lives and men did Nowadays they are making more and better automobiles in Europe, bnt only the most stupid materialist would suggest that this is as deep as Europe's new spirit goes

A centnry from aow Canadian historians will he able to measure precisely the national mood of the 1960s by studying our reaction to the Enropean Common Market. Faaad with ona of the greatest and most hopeinl events of modern times, Canadians have reacted by worrying about the market for agricaltural pfoducts We have acted not as if we are delighted to be alive during such a moment bnt as if onr only interest in the trimphs of other peoples is a close reckoning of the money we may — nian not necessarily will — lose by the transaction Onr reaction whnh the prima minister and the cabinet have articulated for ns, has been nngenerous aad small minded

CANADA HAS SMALL MINDEDNESS

In one way and another we have made this kind of small mindedaess into a way of life, and wa are snffaring for it

Some of the signs of this snffering can be read in tha history of the 1962 election Last winter the party I voted for — therefore, the ona I think was the *best* party — sent a platoon of pollsters across tha aonntry to an earnest and moderately snccessful effort to find ont what the people wanted to hear Then having judged all issues accordingly, my party went methodically about the business of telling the people just what the people had told the. pollsters they wanted to hear This (I could have told them aad saved all that money) was exactly what all of us like to hear *all* the time that good things are in store for us and that by voting the right way we can get these good things

The result was that the 1962 aleetion turned into a festival of mass flattery and mass seduction Both major parties told us what we wanted to hear and even the parties that didn't expect to win talked as if they could take office and quickly make most of us richer

When of aource every truly informed man in the country knew that we were all just about to gat poorer whether tha Tories or the Liberals or the Single Taxers won the electioa

CONTINUED ON PAGE 68



Karsh with his camera after the civil war in 1947. His self-portrait appears here in a new book, In Search of Greatness. The book will be published Oct. 20 by the University of Toronto Press at $6.50

The private life of YOUSUF KARSH

BY YOUSUF KARSH

How the Armenian boy who fled here from Turkish persecution built a career as a portrait photographer that's made him almost as famous as his subjects

IT WAS ON NEW YEAR'S EVE in 1928 in the harbor of Halifax Nova Scotia that tha New World opened its heart to ma for the first time I was a sixteen year-old Armenian youth, the most excited passenger aboard the French liner Versailles just making port from Beirut For ma it was the most wonderful New Years Eve of my life

I had come to Canada alone, although some distant relatives were on the same vessel — three or four aunts of my mother who spoke no language other than their mother tongue I do not remember that they had been asked to escort me and indeed I had been helping to look after them during our passage. They needed someone who could speak Franah or English and I could speak a little of both although not more than a very little In English I could distinguish between words like "dog" and "God" but I had to stop to remember which was which In French I could do rather better

My Uncle Nakash my mother's brother greeted me as I stepped from the gangplank. He had lived in Canada since about the time I was born Although I had never seen him he had corresponded with my family about my coming to Canada and now at last he had sponsored me as an immigrant to this new country

Uncle Nakash recognized me immediately from the photographs my mother had sent to him and I knew him by the same means He greeted me in Arabic not mother tongue and at once I felt — as I always have felt since — that I was among friends in this wonderful new country I had been brought up to speak Arabic rather than Armenian for the simple reason that in Mardin Turkey which was my home where the Armenian language was spoken there were always and very often stones thrown in the street We seldom heard Armenian spoken except in church

I was born in Mardin in eastern Turkey on December 23 1908 of Armenian parents My father was a fairly successful merchant engaged in importing and exporting goods ranging from art work to fine furniture rugs and spices In carrying on his business he used to travel to distant lands in his ind

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KARSH
the artist as a young man

CONTINUED



Karsh with John H. Gr[illegible] of Boston with whom he studied portraiture and mixed prohibition hijinks

sell beautiful and rare things for others on a commission basis. In spite of his undoubted ability in commerce, my father did not know how to read or write, these skills were by no means universal in his time and in his country. What is surprising however is that although an educated woman in Armenia was rare, my mother was extremely well read. Among other subjects she possessed a fine understanding and command of the Bible, being able to interpret splendidly the meaning of its beautiful words.

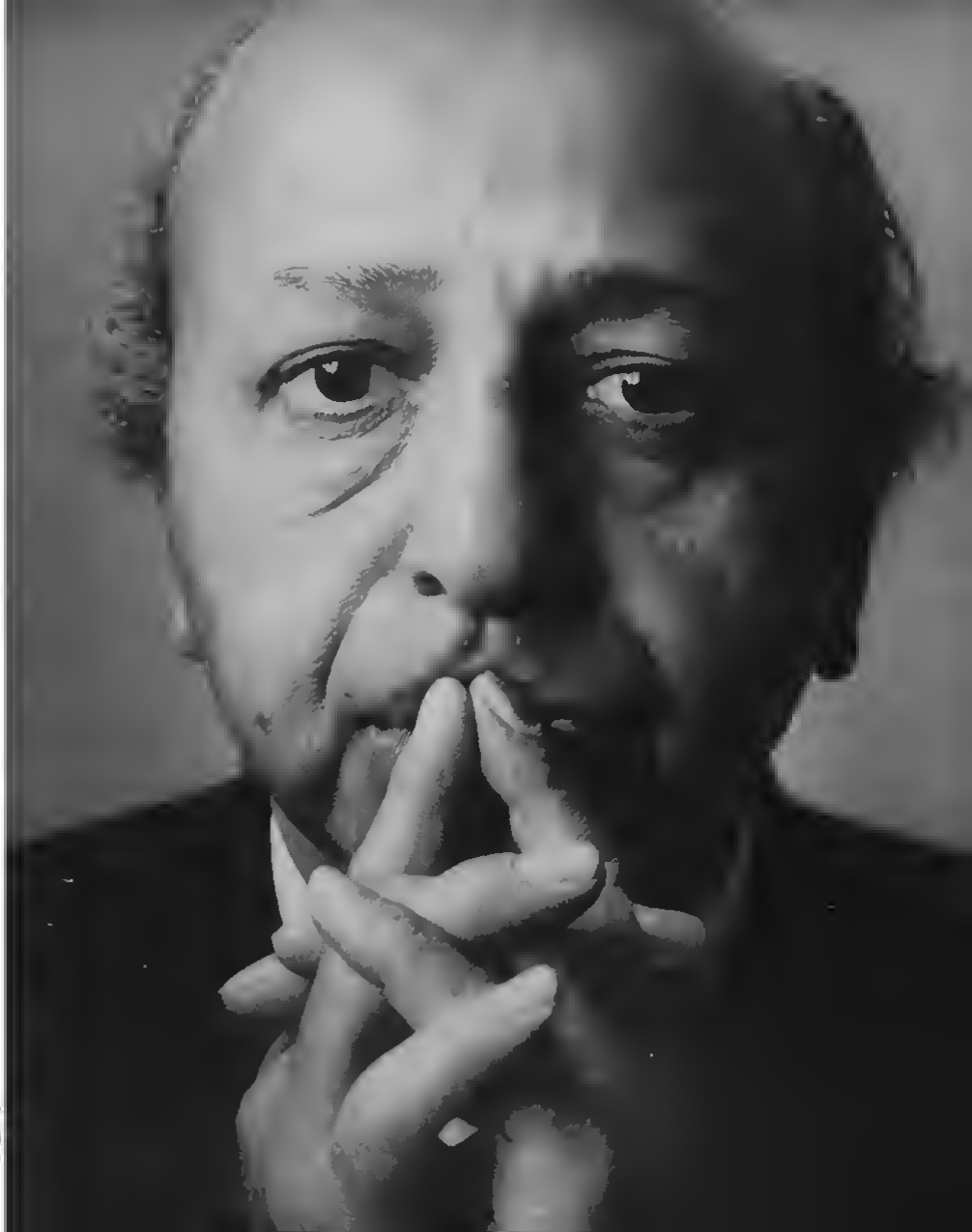
I was the eldest of the living children of my parents. There was an older brother but he died in infancy and I never knew him. After me there was a girl who died during the typhoid fever epidemic in Armenia. Next came my brother Malak born in 1916 and then my brother Jamil born in 1920. My youngest brother Salim, was born in Syria in 1926 after we had fled from the terrible persecution that was soon to reach its height in our homeland.

HOME LIFE ON THE EDGE OF WORLD WAR

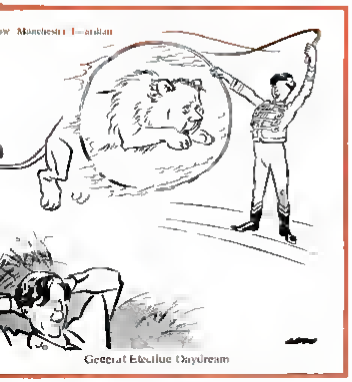
Mardin was a town of about 27,000 souls during my childhood on the eve of World War I. The buildings of Mardin cloaked the steep south slope of a cone-shaped hill and the manner in which one tier of houses rose above the tier beneath gave the whole something of the appearance of the Hanging Gardens of Babylon. At the peak of the hill were the ruins of an ancient castle where Muslims had held the Mongolian hordes at bay in a previous age.

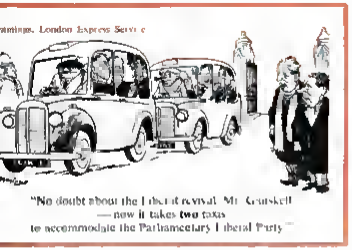
In Mardin too we tasted manna as did the children of Israel in the wilderness. This delicious green sugar appeared on the leaves of some trees at certain seasons, and could be scraped off and pressed on to a piece of bread. Or you could allow it to drip and coagulate when it would become very hard indeed and might be broken with a knife and bartered and chewed like maple sugar. I have read scientific explanations of manna but I prefer to think of it as it seemed in my childhood a delicious food which came freely, but always when you were not looking, and which tasted always of just what you liked best. I remember my own father saying that when the faithful tasted manna the flavor was not the same for all, but for CONTINUED ON PAGE 54

The only photo in Karsh's home in the one he took of his first wife (left) shortly after their marriage. They had met at Ottawa Little Theatre and I Knew Instantly I Loved Solange Gauthier. She died in 1961. Right: A master at a master trying. Penultimate of Karsh.









Three views of Jo Grimond: *Top, his leadership thin Liberals may shoot him into the same orbit as Macmillan and Gaitskell. Middle, the Liberal leader daydreams of power. But in the Commons bottom, his party is still small*

Blair Fraser reports on

three-party politics in Britain

The Liberals have come back from the dead to lead a young man's modest revolt against the British class system

ROUGHLY THREE OUT OF FIVE British voters expect the Conservative government of Harold Macmillan to be beaten when it goes to the polls next year, and he replaced by a Labor government under Hugh Gaitskell. If they're right then the outlook for Britain, for Canada and for the western alliance is full of question marks.

Britain's Labor party is split on every major policy issue, for and against the common market, for and against nuclear disarmament, for and against some kind of central policy on wages, even for and against commercial TV. Britain's future, therefore, may depend not only on which party wins but which faction on which individuals within the parties come out on top. It's even harder than usual to guess who or what these will be.

One reason is that the Labor Party, even if bound for victory, is not gaining popular support—it's losing. Whatever party takes power will almost certainly have less than a clear majority in the country and perhaps less than a majority in the House of Commons.

The cause of this confusion lies outside the two major parties altogether. British politics are in a state of eruption because a third force has risen from the dead. The Liberals, forty years out of power and regarded as totally defunct for thirty of them, are now one of the fastest growing political parties in the world.

In twelve by-elections this year they have won two, placed second in five and got approximately a third of all the votes cast. In 1959 the Liberals ran twice as many candidates, and got more than twice as many votes, as in 1955. Next year they will double the candidate slate once more to about four hundred and fifty, and expect to multiply their vote four or five times over. They're raising money in amounts and with an ease that makes old timers rub their eyes—a recent fund-raising dinner drew about sixty well-heeled diners at fifty *pounds* not dollars, a plate. Alone of all the politicians in the United Kingdom this year, the Liberals talk of the future with zest, confidence and (so far) solid unity of opinion.

BEST GUESS: TWENTY-FIVE SEATS

None of this means the Liberals will win the next general election or come within a mile of it. They have only seven members in the present parliament, and the highest prophecy I heard from anyone was that they might have seventy-five next time, in a House of six hundred and thirty. Twenty-five is a conservative guess, and I suspect a more realistic one.

Nevertheless the Liberal revival is the most important fact in British politics today, and not only because it might defeat the Conservative government. Liberals themselves rather hope it won't, for their own strategic and tactical reasons. It's important because it's one outward sign of an inward change that has been going on in Britain for years, but that lately seems to have changed its direction and perhaps its nature. I mean the quiet revolt against the British class system—not just against the ruling class, as once it was, but against the class system itself.

"The Tories can't be anti-Establishment—hell, they are The Establishment," a Liberal candidate explained. "Like it or not, they're indelibly labeled as the party of the bosses. Labor is at the other extreme. The Labor Party's image is the old British working class, the man in cloth cap and muffler. Nobody sees himself in that image nowadays."

BEST PROSPECTS: THE UNCOMMITTED

The speaker was a self-made member of the so-called "middle" class, but I have heard the same sort of thing from both sides. Fred Williams, who was the Liberal candidate's agent in the Leicester by-election last July, was thirty years a member and fourteen years a full-time organizer of the Labor Party until he joined the Liberals three years ago. He used to organize the dockers of Merseyside, Liverpool and he speaks in the hard-boiled accents of the British working class.

"Both the big parties are vested interests," Williams said. "Labor's no less a class party than the Tories, tied to the trade unions. Without trade union money they'd be worse off than we are.

"And so they're shackled in dogma and doctrine—nationalization and the class war and all that, and people are fed up with it. People are sick to death of both the big party machines. They want freedom from a party tyranny and iron discipline that tries to tell them what they are to think. Those are the people we Liberals are looking for—the great uncommitted. And we're finding them, too."

The Leicester result didn't quite bear out Williams' boast. Labor got a reduced majority but still held the seat with ease; it was the Conservatives, who'd got nearly half the votes in 1959, who were humiliated by an ignominious third place with their vote cut in half. Liberals have yet to capture a Labor seat (they take two votes away from the Tories for every one they take from Labor) and they know this is their biggest single weakness. But they also argue with a rather chilling realism that that is on their side.

"The Labor Party is literally dying off," said Peter Bessell, a forty-one-year-old real estate man who's favored to win a west country riding next year. "Labor's old folk are not being replaced. Three

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THE DIARY OF AN OPERATION

For the first time, a surgeon and a photographer together record the drama that builds up every time one human being invades another with a scalpel

PHOTO STORY BY DON NEWLANDS

Starting at eight o'clock one Friday morning at l'Hôpital Ville Marie, which is a 27-bed private hospital in the north end of Montreal, a thirty-seven-year-old woman underwent a two-and-a-half hour surgical procedure routinely described as esophagoplasty (an operation to repair a defect in the wall of the gullet).

The patient was Italian-born, married and the mother of two sons. For as long as she could remember, eating had hurt her throat. Then, six months earlier, the swallowing—even of liquids—had become nearly unbearable. She vomited, and began to lose weight as though she were starving. X-rays showed her gullet—the hose pipe connecting mouth and pharynx to the stomach—to be pinched shut at the lower end. The gullet above the constriction was swollen like a pseudo-stomach, and was distended with backed-up food. The blockage could be caused by, among other things, cancer, a tumor or the clenching of the gullet's own muscular wall, like dead elastic, on the delicate membrane of the inner passage.

The operating team called for the esophagoplasty consisted of an anesthetist, an operating-room nurse, an assisting surgeon, Dr. Victorien Simard, 33, and the chief surgeon of Ville Marie Hospital, a quiet, swarthy Italo-Canadian named Dr. Alphonse Bardari, 40. Also present, at the invitation of the team, was Maclean's photo editor, Don Newlands, who was to secure a medical record in pictures.

But when Newlands came to examine his photographs he found he had not one but two accounts of the event: the technical one and, in close-ups of the principals, a naked human counterpoint to it. He showed the sequence of pictures to Bardari and, in several private conversations about them, Bardari remarkably returned to his own thoughts at the time, providing a running commentary of present-tense urgency on one morning's work for one surgeon and his team.



OPERATION
continued



THE PROCEDURE IS TO ENTER THROUGH THE ABDOMINAL CAVITY

A nod from the anesthetist and we're ready to begin. Feel the thickness of the abdominal tissue . . . make an incision . . . clamps to stop bleeding. If we can't bring the stricture clear of the diaphragm into operable position we'll have to enter the chest, into the tissue sheath . . . into the muscle . . . tie as you go. Into the peritoneum membrane. Keep the intestines in place. Still some abdominal breathing . . . a glance at the anesthetist and it's under control. But the less gas the better, less work for the patient's liver and kidneys to dispel the drugs. Ah. We won't have to enter the chest, the esophagus is at hand. No sign of infection. Bleeding under control. From this point on no predetermined technique . . . I'm on my own. No signs of tumor or cancer. But the longitudinal and radial muscles are atrophied. Through the longitudinal muscles. On to the fine radial muscles. Working with a blunt-end hemostat, parting the radial muscles, exposing the mucous membrane . . . The membrane, released, pushes outward. Her abdominal breathing begins to shift the bowels. Put her to sleep more deeply.



I GLANCE INTO SIMARO'S EYES AND I KNOW HE HAS SEEN IT TOO

A small perforation in the membrane, a pin hole. It must have happened when we were parting the radial muscles with the hemostat. Esophagus fluids draining into the peritoneum cavity can be fatal. I can feel the sweat run down my back and legs. When I was a junior intern I once saw a surgeon lose control . . . Fast-dissolving sutures may not last long enough. I don't want to use silk. Foreign elements and the risk of infection . . . The supply of blood isn't good here . . . the area doesn't heal fast . . . Chromic catgut dissolves very slowly, though. It just might hold until the perforation heals. Simard's thinking the same thing. —There are all sorts of ways you can go according to the approved techniques. But there's <u>really</u> only one way to go. . . . Now return the esophagus to its proper position . . . And the laid-down procedure for closing the wound . . .





HAVE I DONE EVERYTHING POSSIBLE?

I push the fatigue back and hope a cold shower will wash it off. Now is when I think, as always, of the patient left to fight for herself . . . a young mother with a family and an anxious husband waiting for good news. I'm wringing wet but I can't help going over every detail of the operation in my mind. Is the hole successfully closed? The nurse has spotted my concern . . . good nurses have an instinct for this, for following the surgeon's mood. And they can transmit confidence to you just by the way they slap the instruments into your hand . . . Simard is certain we've sutured the hole successfully. So am I . . . Conversations during these moments remind me of those exchanges between baseball managers and pitchers . . . Now comes the most difficult period of all: the long wait, checking the charts, until the critical period has passed.







Photographer Newlands, present throughout the operation, was aware only of a team working with matter-of-fact competence and a swift, wordless group instinct. A nod to the anesthetist was signal enough whenever the glistening steadily working wound-bed gathered itself into the unwanted thrusts of abdominal breathing. The nurse, constantly anticipating, needed no signal at all to slap instruments into outstretched palms. And the doctor's hands moved familiarly, without hesitation. It looked routine. Even the camera caught only the tiniest flicker of strain in eyes above a mask to show that no operation can be quite routine when it is upon quickened flesh.

As for the patient, her parents have since recalled that she swallowed a severe caustic detergent once as a child. She was able to eat normally only two weeks after the surgery.



In a boat he built himself with a motor he bought by doing guard duty at Fort Simpson, Jim Faille begins his eighth journey in search of gold

THE OBSESSION OF ALBERT FAILLE

BY WILLIAM WEINTRAUB

Bent with age (he's 74), one of the last of the old-school prospectors still battles his lonely way through legendary Headless Valley summer after bitter summer, seeking a gold mine that unobsessed men say probably doesn't even exist

THE SOUTH NAHANNI high in the Northwest Territories, is probably the most beautiful river in Canada, but it is a killer river and hardly anyone ever travels it. Some people say it's cursed. It goes from nowhere to nowhere, rising in the Selwyn Mountain glaciers, and rushing almost 400 miles south to the Liard River. On its way it flows through Deadman's or Headless Valley.

Last year I went down the Nahanni through the wild and uninhabited country that gave rise to the legend of Headless Valley. This grisly legend is one of the most famous in the north, but for me it was overshadowed by the personality of Albert Faille, the strange adventurer who took me on the trip. For Faille says there is gold on the Nahanni, and he keeps looking for it year after year in this wilderness that has killed so many others who were doing the same thing.

It was in Headless Valley that a search party found the skeletons of Frank and Willie McLeod in 1908. Near the skeletons, according to one of several versions of the story, there was a note saying the McLeods had found gold. But, according to this version, the gold was gone, and so were the skulls of the skeletons. Hence the name Headless Valley.

Every so often since 1908 prospectors have fought their way up the Nahanni to look for the McLeod bonanza. Nobody has ever found it, but at least a dozen of the seekers have either disappeared or have been found dead, usually in mysterious circumstances. And thus the legend of the haunted river grows.

"TWO MOUNTIES CAME TO BURY ME"

Today, nobody looks for the McLeod mine any more, except Albert Faille.

I first met Faille (it's pronounced Fay lee) at Fort Simpson, N.W.T., in April 1961. When he told me he was planning to go up the Nahanni that summer, I found it hard to believe him. For Faille is now seventy-four years old; his hands tremble when he lights his pipe, and when he walks an old back injury makes him bend almost double.

"But when I put a pack on my back it straightens me up," he says.

Faille assured me that he knew where the lost McLeod mine was—far up the Nahanni, above Virginia Falls, which are almost twice as high as Niagara, in an area where the mountains still have no names.

He told me he would find the gold if only he could get that far. He had tried before every summer for seven years, but each time he had failed. Once his boat had capsized in the rapids, and he had almost drowned. Another time the cold weather had come early, and the river had frozen; unable to get home, he had built a cabin and spent the winter in it.

"That was a funny one," said Faille. "On the way out in the spring, I meet two Mounties on the river looking for me. Each one's got himself a shovel. They come to bury me."

Though the Mounties found Faille very much alive, his health wasn't too good. His food supplies had been inadequate for the long winter, and one day he bit into a piece of his homemade bread and saw blood on it; and he knew he had scurvy. His teeth started to ache fearfully, and he pulled four of them out with a pair of pliers.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 49

For goodness' sake, stop improving the horse

Before it's too late to tell a horse from a cut-down giraffe, let's put a halter on breeders and trainers who've forgotten what their animal was really made to do, says ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN

FOR CENTURIES according to horsemen we've been improving the breed of the horse. It's hard to see how, judging by the most improved of all horses, the thoroughbred. From an animal that has dragged along beside man for thousands of years, pulling stumps, hauling beer wagons, tilling the land and carrying warriors into battle, he's become a Fancy Dan with legs like a cricket, bulging eyes, a torso like Sheila the Peelah and the disposition of a couch case. If the thoroughbred were hitched to a bread wagon he'd kick it to splinters. He'd need four months to cool down enough to pull anything. If he's left to lounge for him self he loses weight. He wears blinkers so that he can't see who's riding him, or whether something's gaining on him, as occasionally he tries to bite another improved horse that's passing him. He shies at a coffee mug on a fence rail and won't go near a workhorse. If a Sunday rider threw a leg over him he'd lob him downrange before anyone could say "tallyho!"

This animal that used to carry 480 pounds of armored knight in to battle now carries a saddle like a shoehorn and a man the size of a riding crop. He runs for seventy one seconds, cools off for half an hour, gets sponged down with warm water, rubbed with liniment, tightened up with bandages, fed a vitamin supplemented diet and watts for a chance to bite his trainer—and who can blame him? From an animal that used to deliver the mail nearly two thousand miles over plains and mountains from St. Joseph, Missouri, to Sacramento, California, in less than eight days, and pull the stage four hundred miles from London to Edinburgh over primitive roads in all kinds of weather, the horse has been developed into a fragile precision tool that keeps breaking its legs on scientifically prepared tracks manicured as smooth as a pool table. The owner of one really improved horse told me that it broke both its front legs the first time it raced. "If you laugh they break a leg. If I only spit they break a leg."

The thoroughbred is given to bone ailments, splints, spavins, growth on its legs, torn ligaments, sore feet, quarter cracks and broken bones. Its legs are its weakest part. They're beautiful, delicate, as slender as a maiden's wrists and make the horse look very dainty when prancing in the paddock but snap like toothpicks under the pounding of high speeds. Much of the time their beauty is invisible because they're encased in running bandages, cooling bandages, padding, bell boots and various contrivances designed to help them hold up a horse. Trainers trying to keep a representative of this paragon of horseflesh on its feet long enough to pay for its vitamins are skilled at holding thoroughbreds together by blistering bucked shins, making bowed bones subside with mud packs, ice packs, liniment and bandages. A stable doesn't smell like a stable any more; it smells like an emergency ward.

ALL WASHED UP AT THREE YEARS OLD

The thoroughbred costs up to one and a quarter of a million dollars, is photographed more than girls can earn in twenty thousand dollars for a moment's diffidence with another thoroughbred and is frequently all washed up at the age of three. In 1960 Victoria Park, considered by racing fans the greatest (i.e. the fastest) three-year-old ever bred in Canada, ran third in the Kentucky Derby, second in the Preakness won the Queen's Plate by nine lengths, then on being flown to California kicked the side of the airplane, injured his leg and was unable to race again although his age was comparable to that of a young man still in college.

The horse has been bred into a special machine that comes out of a mechanical starting gate like a cue ball. CONTINUED ON PAGE 62





Sweet & Sour CANADIAN DRINKS

by Peter Whalley



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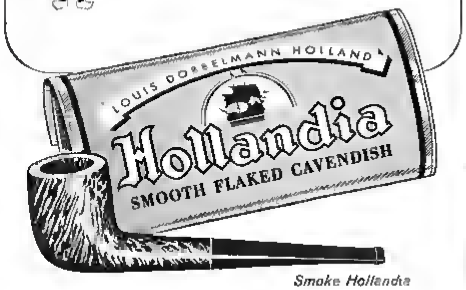
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TRE RELUCTART RUSSIAN

continued from page 18

In a Russian clinic, even death is expected to wait till the inevitable form is filled in

people to whom education—learning for the sake of learning—is a hobby, a pleasure, a way of life. I attended night-school classes in which grade-ten students worked out advanced algebra problems *in their heads*—problems which I, who was usually in the top three or four in my grade twelve classes at Niagara Falls Collegiate and Technical School, couldn't solve on paper. I taught an after-hours class in English at the factory, and among my pupils were women workers in their sixties who never would make any practical use of what little English they learned, but who attended faithfully for the simple purpose of acquiring knowledge. Incidentally, as a teacher I entered the ranks of elite workers, and my pay on an hourly basis was twice as much as what I made as a laboratory technician.

In the Zaporozhe factory the sports and entertainment program for the four thousand workers was probably better organized than the production program. There was literally no form of entertainment—from parachute jumping to chess, from camping to ski-jumping to track, target shooting, boating and dramatics—that wasn't encouraged and subsidized.

When the factory's sports organizer showed me the interminable list of activities available, I cracked: "What, no hopscotch?"

He answered deadpan: "*Tovarishch* Soroka, you find five colleagues who wish to form such a club and we will provide the facilities."

Minor sports and mediocre players were confined to factory leagues or inter-factory competition, but in major sports our best athletes competed as far as their ability could take them, from city to regional to national championships—and on to the Soviet Olympic team and other international competitions. The West has been surprised and worried by Russia's sports domination in recent years. What else could be expected when ten million or so young men and women train and compete hard even after they leave school?

At high school in Canada I was pretty good at track and at rifle shooting. When I had graduated I had the choice of seeking out a private club or dropping out of organized sport. I dropped out, as the great majority of Canadians do after leaving school. Russian athletes have been called professionals. My own experience is that they are subsidized only to this modest extent. They are given time off to compete, travel expenses are paid and equipment is provided. Equipment for expensive sports like parachute jumping and motorcycle racing is lent by a nationwide sports organization of the armed services.

What went on *inside* the factory during working hours would be both the envy and the despair of a Canadian plant manager. In one laboratory we had a "man-made lightning" division that was experimentally producing the highest voltages in Europe—up to eight million. And we constantly met or passed our production quotas of hydro transformers, as I knew from the huge bulletin board posted in the factory grounds and from my periodic cash bonuses.

But to procure raw material and semi-processed parts from other factories in Zaporozhe we were often delayed for days by a maddening ritual of paper work involving numerous signatures from both the requisitioning and the supplying factories. The book of rules which dictates the procedure of every factory in Russia says that so-and-so must sign requisitions. If so-and-so is busy or sick or on vacation, the whole procedure waits until he's available.

When—and if—the materials were delivered they came either in a horse-drawn wagon or in a small hand cart incongruously hitched to an enormous tractor capable of bulldozing a small mountain.

I encountered loving kindness from strangers—and a sort of callous cruelty from others that usually turned out to be caused by the fact that almost everything a Russian does otherwise is based on inflexible written directives.

One morning, at work, I became violently ill from food poisoning. I staggered from my section's boss office to that of the over-all laboratory chief, getting their signatures to a form permitting me to visit the plant hospital. I reached the hospital in a state of collapse.

"I need a doctor." I managed to gasp to the receptionist, although it must have been pretty obvious. She calmly started to fill in the inevitable form. "Department?" she asked.

"Laboratory."

She stopped writing. "Laboratory personnel are seen in the afternoon," she said.

"But I need a doctor now," I said. "I may be dying."

She brought out a schedule. "See for yourself," she said. "Laboratory personnel are seen in the afternoons."

I managed to get back to my lab, told the boss what had happened and passed out. It took an angry telephone call from him—including a reminder that I was a foreigner—to get me past that receptionist. The doctor decided

PARADE

Tecumseh's return

A family party seeing the sights in Amherstburg, Ont., one hot summer day got around to the Fort Malden Museum. On the grounds they stopped to study a large boulder bearing



a brass plaque reading Tecumseh's Stone. As the adults edmired it soberly the six year-old in the party put her hands on the stone and declared: "He must have just left—it's still warm."

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that my condition called for immediate use of a stomach pump.

But two days later, when I lay at home weak and alone on a three-day sick leave pass duly signed by assorted plant officials, a middle-aged woman who scarcely knew my name took me to her own home, fed me delicate broths and quantities of vitamin pills, secured an extension of my sick leave and nursed me back to health. That woman, incidentally, had an occupational status unknown in Canada. Nadya Chervinska, incidentally, was more than a nurse-less than a doctor.

In Russia I found an appalling ignorance among average intelligent people of Western life and thought. Admittedly, it was an ignorance no greater than my own about life in Russia up to that August Thursday when the train took me across the border.

I should explain briefly how I came to be in Europe in the first place. In the spring of 1959 I decided to spend a few months roaming around Europe, including visits to some Polish-Ukrainian aunts and uncles I had never seen. Like my parents, they were Ukrainians who found themselves living in Poland because of a border adjustment after World War I. (For a time they had been subjects of the Austro-Hungarian empire.) My parents emigrated to Canada between wars, settled first in Saskatchewan where I was born, and then on a farm in Niagara on the Lake, Ont. I had got my junior matriculation in 1957 and wanted to take chemical engineering at university but family finances didn't permit. So I worked for a year in a Niagara Falls battery factory, saved money and had $350 in cash after buying a one-way ship passage to England.

I thought I spoke Ukrainian well enough to get along. It was to find though that a Canadian-Ukrainian speaking to a Russian-Ukrainian is like a Scotsman and a Texan trying to understand each other. One dialect has been infiltrated by English words, the other by Russian.)

After I visited my relatives I wanted to see the *real* Ukraine. At the Soviet embassy in Warsaw they told me that I should name a specific place as my destination for my ten-day trip. My aunts and uncles had told me that we had a distant cousin, Anton Olenuik, who lived in the village of Buchach, forty miles due south of the regional capital of Ternopol in the northwest part of the Ukraine.

The train was crowded with Polish trade emissaries with Russian officials and with Ukrainian repatriates returning from as far away as Argentina. Undoubtedly the presence of those repatriates on the train had something to do with what was to happen to me.

The land does not change between Poland and Russia, of course, but the traveler knows when he has crossed the border because red tiers appear everywhere — on the locomotives, on trackside barns, even in the gardens of wayside railway depots.

As the train crossed the border, a small, mild man in civilian clothes examined my papers. Then he asked:

"Have you any rubles?"

"No," I said, not feeling it necessary to add that I had $60 in other currency. He handed me five hundred rubles in notes about the size of hand bills. "This will tide you over — just sign this paper. So, casually, I signed myself into Russian captivity for fifty dollars. This was the confusion in paperwork at the border referred to earlier. During my stay the Russians revalued the ruble to increase its value tenfold. The "new" ruble is worth nominally a little more than one dollar.)

At Lvov, an ancient Polish city now within the Ukraine, I changed trains to Ternopol and then rode a crowded bus forty miles to Buchach.

Buchach, which the Russians call a village, was in Canadian terms a fair-sized town of four thousand population. It looked drab, dusty and depressing, especially after Ternopol. Ternopol, the administrative centre for the province that included Buchach, was like many Russian cities largely destroyed during the war. The Russians have made a sort of model city of it. The modern, shining-clean buildings downtown are built not on streets but on park-like squares as broad as they are long. In Ternopol was the only *new* church I saw in all the time I was in Russia.

Buchach, which came through the war almost unscathed, was deceiving from poverty and neglect. It is not surprising in the past year the authorities have been steering visitors away from the villages and issuing visas only for stays in the cities.

"My cousin, the American spy"

In Buchach I first encountered a phenomenon which is an important part of Russian life—the rumor and gossip grapevine. In Canada, rumors of disasters, crimes and scandals remain alive only until the next edition of the newspaper or the next newscast tells the facts. In Russia, where "unconstructive" news is seldom printed or broadcast, the grapevine feeds and grows on this information.

When the bus stopped at its depot in Buchach, the driver pointed out the militia post where I was required to report immediately on arrival. A militia captain with a brisk manner and short crewcut, wearing baggy breeches pushed into shiny boots, I was to have several unpleasant dealings with him in the next few weeks) checked my papers, entered particulars on a sheet of paper and directed me to Anton Olenuik's house three uphill blocks away.

Anton answered the door. He was a lean, worn man in his forties. Although he was not expecting me and had never heard of me, he welcomed me matter-of-factly when I introduced myself. Then he paused and thought a moment. He laughed.

"Why you must be the American spy!" he said.

"Huh?" I said.

Anton explained. Although it was scarcely ten minutes since I had left the bus and walked to the militia post and then to Anton's house, Buchach's grapevine had already launched a sensational story. An American spy had sneaked into town but the alert militia had arrested him before he could carry out his dastardly work and he was safely in chains in the militia post. During the next week Anton would proudly introduce me to visitors as "my cousin, the American spy."

Anton took it as a matter of course that I would stay with his family in their four-room house although there were eight people living in it already and another son was expected home from veterinary school. In one room were billeted two dumpy tanned girls who worked in a forestry corps in the timberlands near Buchach. They did their own housekeeping in their small room and spent their spare time studying surveying and telling each other's fortunes endlessly with a pack of worn cards. Although communist ideology regards such frippery as superstition and frowns on it, I found that fortune-telling was a favorite pastime among Russian girls.

Anton's wife, whom I called Aunty, was a prematurely lined woman in her early forties. The Olenuiks had had a rough time during the war and afterward as displaced persons, and still showed the marks of privation. Their children, though were bucky, cheerful youngsters except their only daughter, fifteen year old Marussya, who was home from school convalescing from a serious illness.

On the collective farm where she sometimes works they make them go into the fields before the dew is off the ground. Aunty explained to me. So she had wet feet every day and caught pneumonia.

Twelve year old Mikhail and nine year-old Ivan were primary school students. Pyotr 24 was just back from his army hitch and the absent member was nineteen-year-old Pavel, learning to be a veterinarian at the collective farm where Marussya caught her pneumonia.

The three rooms left to the Olenuiks consisted of an alcove kitchen, a small bedroom, and a large room that served as living room, dining room and bedroom. Somehow at night the whole family bedded down in this space. I shared a narrow bed with one of the boys. Everyone knelt in prayer before retiring.

The Olenuiks were devout people although they seldom went to church. "Religion is good, but priests are not," Aunty told me. "They do no work, produce nothing." In Buchach there were three churches but only one was used for religious purposes. The other two had been converted into tractor repair stations for the nearby collective farm.

On the first morning of my stay with the Olenuiks, after seven bodies had disentangled themselves from their sleeping stations, Aunty Olenuik set big plates of potatoes mashed with onions before us. "Eat all you want," she said. "There is plenty."

"This is breakfast?" I asked myself—and ate hungrily. There was milk, too, and bread, dark and heavy as a cannonball. The Olenuiks were not poor people by village standards. They owned a cow—hence the milk. Actually the luxury of owning a cow cost Anton more than the rent of his house. As a carpenter in Buchach's truck body centre, Anton paid a nominal rent—but his cow was taxed at seventy (new) rubles a year, the equivalent of a month's salary.

The whole family came home for a midday dinner of three items. Supper was a small piece of sausage, boiled with cabbage, and any available vegetable to make soup. This menu never varied except for meat once a week and butter twice a week. The butter was rancid because there was no refrigeration. (It is surprising how good rancid butter tastes when one is hungry.)

Anton, as I have said, was one of the minor plutocrats of the village. He did not depend entirely on his seventy rubles-a-month salary. But "moonlighted" on the side as a cabinet maker. In a room with a leaky roof. Anton secretly made beautiful chests and bureaus and kitchen cabinets which he sold equally secretly to the citizens of Buchach. His tools were utterly primitive — adzes and axes and hand saws — yet he could match a pair of veneer doors to a cabinet more exactly than anything you could find in the T. Eaton company's furniture department, and his products were much in demand.

Anton's sideline, of course, broke the Soviet laws against private enterprise. From time to time the militia captain in the shiny boots, the *nachalnik militsii*, would visit Anton and warn him that what he was doing was illegal. Anton would say mi *Tovarishch nachalnik militsii*, stop making these cabinets I state agrees to feed my family pay.

The first time I heard the was the first time I realized adays. Soviet authority can lenged without immediate to Siberia or worse.

After I had been at Anton's ho

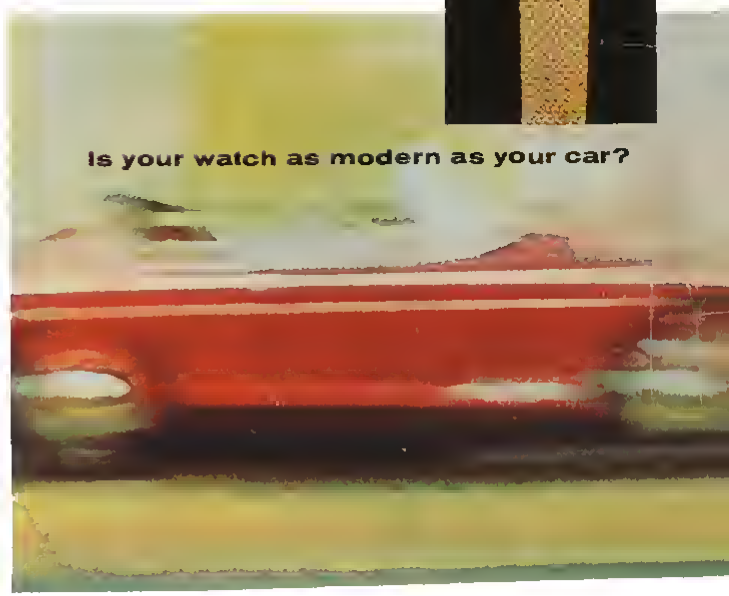
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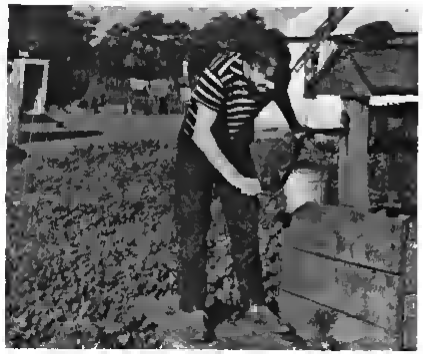
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The Watchmakers of Switzerland





Among Walter Soroka's chores on the collective farm near the Sea of Azov in Soviet Ukraine was pumping wash water — at full of iron that it petrified the soup that turned your hair ate a hole of wire



Early every morning, an ancient truck hauled the volunteers — their allotted field, fifteen jolting miles over rutted tracks and pitted land



The collective's farming experts kept urging the constant supervision some urged us to work faster — others to weed more thoroughly





Our field chores seemed more as hard because the rows of sunflowers we weed plants

tan in seemingly endless rows clear to the horizon. Often the heat rose to a hundred degrees in the shade

NOTES FROM A SUMMER ON A RUSSIAN COLLECTIVE FARM

WALTER SOROKA, a young Canadian-Ukrainian who recently lived and worked for two years in the Soviet Union, spent the unhappiest period of his stay as a "volunteer" on a collective farm near the Sea of Azov. He was one of thirty industrial laboratory workers who spent three weeks weeding fields of corn and sunflowers. "We weren't exactly ordered to volunteer," says Soroka, "but everyone knew that non-volunteers were regarded as disloyal."

The Azov collective was an unhappy community because it was unsuccessful. In 1960 it had failed to meet its production quota and in June 1961, when the industrial volunteers arrived, it was again far behind its norm. As a result the buildings were in disrepair, the farm officials were jittery and the food was bad. "Mostly macaroni and bread so soggy that it stuck fast when a chunk was thrown at the dining-hall wall—which was mostly what we did with it," Soroka recalls.

Even the city-dwelling volunteers soon perceived why the collective was in trouble. "During the day we thirty amateur farmhands would be visited by at least fifteen experts who peered at us, criticized, made notes — and countermanded each other's orders. First would come the *mechanik*, the boss of the collective, accompanied by his chauffeur, his assistant and one or two visiting officials. Work faster, the boss would urge us. Then would come the weed control officer with *his* assistant. Chop deeper, he would urge. You're only straining the weeds. Next we would be visited by the entomologist's team, which peered at the bugs, and the *agronom*, the soil expert, who would shake his head at the hard packed clay he was expected to grow crops in. Finally the foreman and his crew would appear and demand more speed. When we told him the *mechanik* wanted us to weed faster and the entomologist to weed deeper, the foreman said: So weed deeper *and* faster. But soon we decided to set our own pace and to hell with the bosses. Nobody bothered us again. ★

The best part of the day was the after-work swim. We all piled into the old truck and made for a cool river that flowed into the nearby Sea of Azov.



"The food was plentiful and we had only to look at our shrunken cocks to lose our appetites"

Ancient horses and more ancient water carts were still part of the technology of this collective





your name on the door calls for White Horse, of course

...because on such important occasions a fine Scotch belongs.

a week the *nachalnik militsi* sent for me. He told me my tan-day visa was about to expire and I would have to leave or apply for an extension. I told him I would apply, since I wanted to visit Odessa.

"You will have to apply for that too," he said.

"You mean I can't go to Odessa without a pass?" I asked.

"That is correct. Your visa is for Buchach only. It is illegal for you to be anywhere else, unless you obtain permission."

If I had been smart I would have dropped the whole matter there and taken the *nachalnik's* first alternative to get out of the country on the expiry of my tan-day visa. But I thought all this was typical Russian red tape and would straighten itself out.

Twelve days later the militia chief sent for me again. "I have good news for you," he said. "Your visa has been extended for six months."

"What about the trip to Odessa?"

"We regret that," he answered. "It is not possible."

"Why?"

"I have not been informed."

(For the next two years my way of life would hinge on that phrase: *ne informirban*. Seldom was anything *informirban* for me.)

I had no intention of being cooped up in Buchach for the rest of my stay in Russia, so I told the militia chief that I would apply for an exit permit immediately.

"That will take time," he said. "Perhaps two months. After all, you have just voluntarily applied to stay six months."

For the first time since I entered Russia I felt trapped. Just how tightly trapped I did not realize at the time, because the militia captain had said nothing about the "application for repatriation" I had supposedly signed at the border. In fact, I doubt he even knew about it at that time. He was simply going through the motions of bureaucracy, which was frustrating enough in the recipient.

More ominous events were soon to happen. One day a member of the Buchach grapevine ran from house to house with a hot piece of news: a family of *Amerikantsi* had just arrived at Zhiznomira, a collective farm village near Buchach. They were staying at the home of a relative, the village storekeeper. The unofficial town crier told me that the visitors had a son about my age and I might be interested in meeting him. I walked across the fields to Zhiznomira.

On the village street I met the son of the visiting family and introduced myself. "Soroka?" he asked in surprise. "Canadian — from Niagara on the Lake?" I told him yes, and he said: "My mother knows you. She used to work on your farm."

The visitors weren't Americans, but the Kossak family from Palermo, Ont., where Kossak senior was for many years caretaker of Shevchenko Park, a Ukrainian cultural and recreation centre named in honor of the great Ukrainian patriot and poet.

I recognized Mrs. Kossak immediately. She had picked strawberries on our farm during several harvests, and greeted me with sobs.

"Poor boy," she said. "They took you as they caught us."

She told me that I had not been "caught," that I was in the Ukraine as a visitor, with a Canadian passport.

"Do not give up that passport under any circumstances," she begged me. "And when you get back to Canada you must tell those families who are thinking of coming here not to leave their homes in Canada. I will give you their names."

The Kossaks' experience had been an unhappy one. In his forty years in Canada Mr. Kossak had always dreamed of returning to his homeland. And in 1958 a wonderful opportunity had come up. Through the Russian embassy in Ottawa the Kossaks had been offered a farm with house and orchard in the Soviet frontier region of Novosibirsk. The Kossaks sold their 24-year-old son John had eagerly accepted.

The promise had proved to be no more than that. There was no house or farm awaiting them in Novosibirsk, and as for the orchard that would be planted some time during the current seven-year plan which ends in 1965...

The chorus was only a record

...Disillusioned, the Kossaks had made their way back to Moscow and sought help from the Canadian embassy. But the embassy could do nothing. The Soviet authorities refused the Kossaks an exit permit to return to Canada. They had been shuttled from government department to government department in what John Kossak described as "as big a job of bunk passing as you ever could imagine."

Finally, in desperation, the Kossaks had agreed to be sent to Zhiznomira, where lived their only relative in the Soviet Union.

That Naumenko!" cried Mrs. Kossak bitterly. "If I could only get my hands on him!"

Naumenko. I had met the man. Ivan S. Naumenko, second secretary of the Soviet embassy in Ottawa, was the man in charge of the campaign to persuade Canadian Ukrainians to return to their homelands. He was a persuasive talker and writer of letters that painted beautiful pictures of life in the Soviet Union — and a great maker of unfulfilled promises. He had spoken to me before I left Canada. He had not mentioned repatriation, but had urged me to "go and see our wonderful country and decide for yourself."

When the Kossaks reached Ternopol on their way to Zhiznomira they had received an ironical welcome—a special broadcast from the collective village directed at them. Their storekeeper relative made a speech in which he congratulated the Kossaks for breathing the air of freedom for the first time in forty years. The program concluded with songs from Zhiznomira's 200-voice chorus.

"Hah," said John Kossak, "there aren't a hundred people here. It was a recording."

As I walked back to Buchach along the wagon track I thanked God that I wasn't in the same situation as the Kossaks.

At the house there was a letter for me—a letter that thoroughly frightened me. It was from my sister in Toronto. The family she said had received a letter from the Soviet embassy in Ottawa urging them to apply for repatriation to the Ukraine.

"Now that your son Walter is happily settled there," the letter added, "we think it would be wonderful if the family were reunited in their forefathers' homeland. You have no doubt also heard favorably from your son."

They had *not* heard from me. None of the five letters I had written from Buchach—none of which would have persuaded them to leave Canada—had been delivered.

I knew now what I had to do—and fast. I had to get to Moscow to the Canadian embassy. First to send a cable to my parents telling them not to think of leaving Canada; second, to get an exit permit for myself.

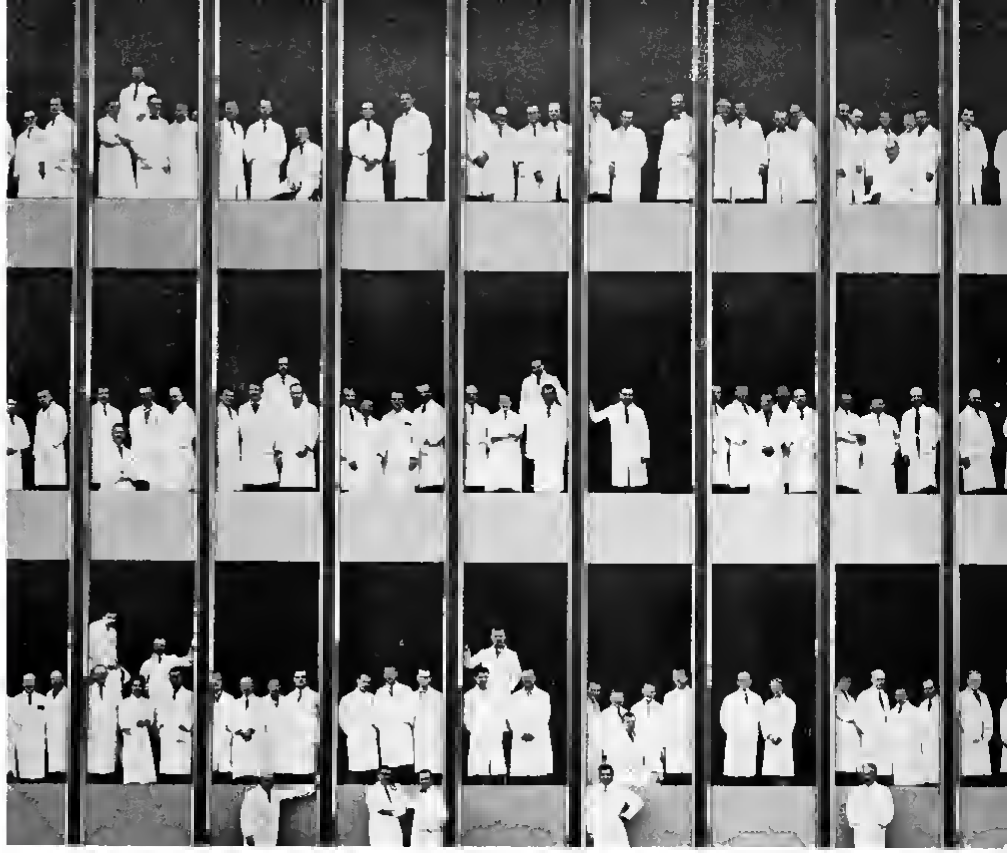
I knew I was taking a big risk in leaving Buchach without permission, but I had no intention of going to the militia captain with any request that would tip him off to my plan. And when I thought of the unhappy Kossaks the risk of leaving Buchach illegally seemed trivial in comparison with the risk of doing anything and perhaps letting my family get into the same mess as the Kossaks.

I told only one friend of my plan. He lent me a long coat that reached almost to my ankles and concealed the narrow-cut Canadian trousers that made me conspicuous among people who wore wide, flapping trousers. We went down to the Buchach bus depot in Urita to catch the night bus. He bought my ticket and said goodbye before the bus left. I slipped off his coat, he gave me the ticket and I swung aboard as the bus started down the road to Ternopol and the Moscow train ★

First of two parts



MARTIN'S



101 Imperial scientists and technicians pose for their pictures in the ultramodern wing of Imperial's research laboratories at Sarnia. Not shown: another 104 members of the Sarnia research staff, and another 130 who work in Imperial laboratories at Calgary.

90% of all oil company product research in Canada is done by Imperial

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ALWAYS LOOK TO IMPERIAL FOR THE BEST

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POLITICS IN BRITAIN

continued from page 26

The new Liberals: self-made scholarship boys who didn't go to the "right" universities

million people died in this country during the nineteen fifties and about five million came up to voting age. Those young people are not going to Labor; they're going either Tory or Liberal—and lately it's been Liberal.

There is independent evidence to support this view. After the upset Liberal victory last March in Orpington, Kent, fourteen miles southeast of London, a seat that had been Tory for generations, pollsters descended on the town like vultures on a battlefield. Some of the answers they got confirm Peter Bessell's point.

One girl in her twenties, daughter of a working-class family, said: "I've always followed my father, he's always told me about the Conservatives, but I think a lot of the things he told me don't happen any more. He told me about the unemployment queues. He always stuck up for the unions, too. I think he's right in a way, you've got to have trade unions, only I think now some of them go a bit too far. Well, all these strikes about nothing."

Actually that girl voted Labor—father's authority was too strong. But another of the same age and class who'd voted Labor in 1959 switched to the Liberals in the by-election.

"Labor's got nothing to offer any more," she said. "Even my father, he's a docker and always been a strong socialist, said it would be a good thing if the Liberal got in. I was surprised when I talked to him, I thought he'd blow up when I said I was voting Liberal this time, but I think he's like a lot of socialists, they've gone right off the Labor Party now."

But so far these are not typical voices. Today the typical Liberal, insofar as it's possible to define one at all, is someone quite different. He is a man of good education, but he got it at a state grammar school, not a "public" school like Eton or Winchester, and at a technical college or a "red brick" university (as the British call almost all their universities that are neither Oxford nor Cambridge). In the content of what they teach there may be little to choose, but in the prestige and privilege they confer the contrast between "Oxbridge" and "redbrick," public school and grammar school, is colossal.

Anthony Sampson, in his book The Anatomy of Britain, notes that among seventy-eight ambassadors and senior Foreign Office officials, sixty-three had been to public school—and of those who hadn't all but one were in minor embassies. Fifty-nine of the ambassadors went to Oxbridge, seven to the relatively respectable University of London, and none to any other English university.

Even in the present Macmillan Cabinet, rejuvenated last July, ten out of the twenty-one ministers are Old Etonians. Sixteen went to Oxford or to Cambridge. Only two attended state schools.

The upper echelons of industry, commerce and finance have a less rigid, but similar, pattern. Sixty-five percent of all public school graduates do not go on to university at all. They can no longer get into Oxford or Cambridge in these days of stiff entrance requirements, they disdain "redbrick" degrees, and so they go straight to work—and straight into good jobs, in most cases. Better jobs, as a rule, than can be got by the better-educated men who spent more time learning, but spent it in the wrong places.

These last are men who have all the qualifications of members of The Establishment except the essential one—membership. They are men who for years have been saying to their wives and to themselves: What has that fellow got that I haven't got?"—and never getting other than the one answer. They are men who since the war have been pouring out of the good new grammar schools and the good new redbrick colleges, or even out of "Oxbridge" on hard-won scholarships, and finding what seems to be a rigged market for their skills. They are the new "meritocracy," the self-made scholarship boys. And they are, or seem to be, the new Liberals—not so much the new voters as the new party workers, the new donors, and the new candidates.

At first glance the Liberal Party's chief men appear to contradict this. On paper they too look like sons of The Establishment.

The old school tie disappears

Joseph Grimond, the party leader, is a product of Eton and Balliol College, Oxford. His brother-in-law and strong right arm, Mark Bonham Carter, is also a Balliol man though he went to Winchester, not Eton. (Bonham Carter is not now in parliament, but he was the victor in the first Liberal gain in forty years in the by-election at Torrington in 1958. He was defeated in the general election the next year — he got as many votes as before, but this time the Tories turned out in full strength — but unless the current Liberal revival is entirely a mirage, he will win Torrington again next time.) Bonham Carter is a grandson, Grimond a grandson-in-law, of the first Earl of Oxford and Asquith, who as Herbert Asquith was the last British prime minister to head a Liberal cabinet. Two of the seven Liberal MPs went to Eton, three to other public schools and all five of these public school graduates went on to Oxford or Cambridge. Only two Liberal MPs went to other schools and other universities.

But when you talk to these men the Old School Tie image soon disappears. To a man, they are intensely and conveniently opposed to the class system. They feel a certain resentment of their own privileges which in some cases leads to outright rejection of them. They want to alter the *status quo* fundamentally and soon, in the direction of equality at home and abroad. Before World War II young men of this type were mainly socialists and became the intellectuals of the British Labor Party—Hugh Gaitskell is one such, Christopher Mayhew another. Nowadays the young Liberals look on the Labor Party as rather conservative and stuffy.

But nowadays in Britain as in Canada, a party's policy means less than its "image"—the kind of men, the kind

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of idea that is linked with the party in the public mind. And increasingly, with the rise of TV, it is important what a party looks like physically, whether its spokesmen are young and handsome or old and fat.

Pollsters in Orpington found that although all three local candidates were young men (actually the Labor man was the youngest by several years) the Liberals were almost unanimously identified as the *party* of youth, a party of and for young people. They found little or no difference among the ages of those who *voted* for each of the three parties, but everybody, friend and foe, tended to describe the Liberals as a young man's group.

The party spokesmen look young. Jo Grimond is actually forty-nine, but people still refer to him as boyish—he looks at least five years younger than his age in the flesh and ten years younger on TV.

Arthur Holt, the soft-voiced engineer who is the party's usual spokesman on economic affairs in the House, is another of the same physical type—forty-eight years old but strikingly handsome and looks as if he hadn't gained five pounds in the past thirty years. Most of the other Liberals who are seen by the public really *are* young—Mark Bonham Carter is forty; Jeremy Thorpe is thirty-three and so is Eric Lubbock. Emlyn Hooson, who lately won ex-leader Clement Davies' old seat in Montgomeryshire, Wales, at thirty-six is the youngest Q.C. in the kingdom.

Their professed "anxiety for fundamental change" is not easily documented from Liberal policy statements. The commonest of all pleas against the British Liberals is that they "have no policy" that they "don't stand for anything."

The charge is not true. Liberals have a quite coherent policy, carefully thought out and elaborated in a stack of pamphlets a foot high. The trouble is that Liberal policy could all be accepted honestly and in good conscience by a Conservative candidate. It could also with equal ease be accepted by a moderate Labor candidate.

But this is not as withering a criticism as it sounds. The time is past in Britain, as it long has been in Canada, when differences between parties could be clearly defined in terms of policy. The big issues tend to fall within the big parties, not between them.

On the issue of Britain's entry into the Common Market, for instance, both the major parties are split. Liberals are unanimously and unreservedly in favor of it. They are not afraid either of industrial competition or of a dilution of sovereignty.

On nuclear arms, Labor is divided and the Conservatives are uncertain. Liberals are flatly against a British nuclear weapon, flatly in favor of the Americans retaining theirs.

On the peculiarly thorny issue of "incomes policy" — i.e. wage and profit control — all three parties are pretty fuzzy, but Liberals say they could handle it best because they're not identified with either unions or bosses.

This array of youth and good looks is all the more help to the Liberals because the bigger parties are not so well endowed. Prime Minister Macmillan grows to look more and more an Edwardian caricature, and his lieutenants — R. A. Butler with his large, flat, pale face, Iain Macleod with the lank locks of hair brushed across his bald spot — somehow manage to look faintly sinister. Labor is no better off. Hugh Gaitskell on television suggests a rather cross bureaucrat, and his deputy leader, George Brown, looks like a spiv.

But an election is not a beauty contest, especially in Britain, and none of these Liberal assets will prevent both the major parties coming back next year with more seats apiece than the Liberals will have. What then do the Liberals hope to accomplish with no more than twenty to fifty seats of their own?

Certainly not to hold the balance of power in the sense that their group would keep a minority government in office. They've done that twice before, in 1924 and 1929, and both times the results were disastrous for the party. They'd do it again if they had to ("the Queen's government has to go on") but for them it's not a hope, it's a nightmare.

They would like to hold the balance of power in another sense — the power to help or to hold any government, of either major party, to the policy line they think to be right. If, for example, the Macmillan government right now had a majority of less than thirty-six, it could not take Britain into the European Common Market — at least that many of its own backbenchers would vote against it, and the Labor Party, though its majority seems to be in favor of it, would hardly resist the opportunity to turn the Tories out. In such a case a Liberal group of fifty would save the day for the Common Market, and incidentally save the Conservatives too. A new Labor Cabinet might have the same kind of trouble with nuclear weapons or with NATO policy in general.

One Liberal strategist summed it up: "We'll hope to be able to protect either party from its own lunatic fringe." ★

PARADE

A punch in time

Big boys are encouraged to help keep an eye on the little guys in a children's playground at Sutton, Ont., and one little so-and-so had been raising so much trouble that a hefty lad chased him from the park, whacking him as he did so. Some passing do-gooder



had to interfere, of course, declaring: "You don't have to get so rough with this little fellow. He'll behave himself without that, won't you, dear?" But the little fellow knew his rights and stuck to them. "Nope," he declared flatly. "He's gotta punch me."

Parade pays $5 to $10 for true anecdotes. Address Parade, 1 Dundas St., Toronto.



THE OBSESSION OF ALBERT FAILLE

(continued from page 37)

Six days out he built a second boat. Then the river erupted

"But this year I think I'll make it," Faille told me.

He had built himself a new boat, about 20 feet long, and had bought a new 18-horsepower motor to fight the Nahanni. He had earned the money for the motor by doing guard duty at the little Fort Simpson jail on Saturday nights.

Always a few drunks in the jail on Saturdays, Faille said. "most of them friends of mine. They keep yelling 'Let me out, Albert, or I'll beat hell out of you on Monday.' But I never let them out, and they never beat me up. I like those drunks. They paid for my motor."

I had come to this part of the north in search of an idea for a documentary film about the Nahanni for the National Film Board. This was obviously it—if Faille would only cooperate.

"Are you going up the river alone?" I asked him.

"Of course."

"Would you mind if a cameraman went with you? To make a movie?"

"I'd like the company."

Roller-coaster rapids

As soon as the ice was gone, Faille planned to launch his boat in the Mackenzie River where the village of Fort Simpson is located and where he lives alone in his little cabin. He would go a mile or so up the Mackenzie and then head into the Liard River. He would go a hundred miles up the Liard and then enter the Nahanni.

On the Nahanni he would go through the rapids and canyons through Headless Valley and on up the river until he reached Virginia Falls.

Here he would beach his boat and portage all his gear, his food and his gasoline to a point above the falls. He would also carry up lumber and a smaller motor and above the falls he would build a new boat for the next part of the trip. The gruelling portage, a mile and a quarter uphill with each load, would take about a week. The whole 500-mile trip would take six or seven weeks, depending on the mood of the Nahanni. Then near the top of the river he would pan for gold.

The Film Board liked the idea and assigned to Don Wilder a cameraman-director from Toronto. Wilder arrived at Fort Simpson toward the end of June. He hired two young rivermen and their boat, from which he could photograph Albert Faille's odyssey, and as soon as the ice left the river they all set out for the Nahanni.

In mid-August I chartered a plane at Watson Lake in the Yukon and flew in to join Faille and the Wilder party on the Nahanni. Wilder had grown a beard and his looked tired. His trip had been arduous. Several times he'd stopped and lugged his heavy equipment high up mountainsides, so that his camera could show Faille's little boat in relation to the awesome immensity of the country. He'd stood knee-deep in the river for some shots and he had had to hang on to his canvas through roller-coaster rapids. But he had been successful as those who have seen the recently released NFB film, Nahanni, will know.

Albert Faille, however, had not been successful. Wilder told me what had happened. For the first six weeks of the trip Faille had done everything he had planned to do. He had fought his way through the rapids. He had reached Virginia Falls, he had made the back-breaking portage (although with some assistance from Wilder and his two helpers). Above the Falls he had built his second boat and had proceeded far up the Nahanni, toward its headwaters.

Then suddenly the smooth upper reaches of the river erupted impetuously into violent rapids. Apparently the ice that roars down in the spring had brought tons of rock and silt with it, depositing them on the river bed. The channel he had known before was gone.

Faille had not been able to get through the new rapids, so he had steered his boat to the shore. He had lightened it by putting his gear, his gasoline drum and his motor ashore. Then he had stepped into the water and tried to pull the boat through the rapids by his own strength.

With all this effort he could muster he moved only a few yards. Rolling tantalizingly, the old man had brought his



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boat back to shore. He was only forty miles from his destination, where he thought the gold was, but it was too far to walk overland. There wouldn't be enough time before freeze-up. Once more the Nahanni had beaten him and it was time to turn around and go home again.

Don Wilder had filmed these last scenes just a few days before I flew in to join him and Faille. I could see the disappointment in Faille's pale blue eyes. His back seemed more stooped than ever.

"Hello," he said to me. And not much more than that. His ordeal had left him with little desire to talk.

The next day I was alone with Faille in his little boat. We were off down the Nahanni and he was sitting in the stern, steering and probing the river with his sounding pole as he searched for treacherous rocks and shoals. He was silent and sad as he headed for home, 450 miles away.

During the next week his boat carried me through some of the most magnificent country I have ever seen. The Nahanni itself was always changing character; sometimes it was as placid as a quiet lake and then it would loom into rapids that tossed the boat wildly about. There was the looming mass of Smithbond Mountain, the splendor of Virginia Falls, the great canyon walls that rose straight up from the river for about fifteen hundred feet.

Those August days were warm and green and there was something exhilarating about traveling through totally uninhabited country. We'd travel most of the day, stopping for lunch and again in the late afternoon to make camp. Now and then we'd look up to see an eagle wheeling high overhead, perhaps looking for a lamb in a herd of mountain sheep. Now and then a caribou would run back into the forest, frightened by the sound of our boat.

But I hadn't come all this way just for the scenery. I wanted to know what kind of a man Albert Faille was. Why did he keep looking for this gold, which many people said didn't even exist? What kind of a life had prepared him for such easy acceptance of solitude and danger?

Each evening, after supper, we would sit at the campfire and talk, and he would reveal a bit more of himself. Slowly I pieced together a picture of a strange and lonely life.

Faille told me that he had been born in New Salem, Pennsylvania in 1888. He was brought up by foster parents and knew nothing about his real parents except that his father was Swiss and his mother was from Bohemia.

"I used to have a little tin ring," he said, "with my father's name on it and my mother's name and the date of birth. One day my shack burned down and I lost the tag. That was my last connection with my family. I don't remember my father's name, but my mother's name was Mary."

Life was hard on the farm that Faille's foster parents ran, and he grew to hate their cruelty. At the age of eight he ran away from home and since then he has spent most of his life alone.

The eight-year-old boy wandered across the countryside, sleeping in barns and toilet rooms, sometimes traveling with hoboes, sometimes earning a few cents by doing chores on farms.

Nowadays they'd pick you up and put you in school, Faille said. "But in those days it was different. A kid could be on his own."

Faille learned how to ride freights and by the age of ten he was in Towner, Minnesota. He found an abandoned shack near the town and moved in. An old man—I think his name was Hudson—showed him how to trap animals and sell the skins. For most of the years to come, trapping was to be his main livelihood.

But he did other work too and when he was eighteen he had a job in a logging camp in Minnesota. He vividly remembers one day there when the camp watchman handed him a newspaper.

"Want to read this, Albert?" said the watchman.

"I can't read," said Faille.

"Well then," said the watchman, "I'll teach you."

Faille wandered around the United States, doing odd jobs in farming and forestry. "Since I was a boy," he says, "I always made my own way. I always had good clothes and a dollar to spend."

In 1917 he joined the U.S. Forestry Engineers and went to France. After the war he came back to Minnesota, got married and started trapping again.

But by 1924 trapping in Minnesota had become unprofitable, so he came to Canada, to the Northwest Territories. He spent the winter of that year trapping on the Beaver River. He had a partner in this enterprise, a huge man called Fred Mayo, who had come with him from Minnesota.

Together they set their long trap lines out through the frozen forests and all was going well until Fred Mayo got sick. They had been eating nothing but beans, pork and home-made bread all winter and Mayo developed scurvy, a debilitating disease caused by vitamin deficiency. The huge man was so weakened that he could do nothing but lie in bed in the cabin he and Faille had built.

Faille had to leave the traplines and stay to nurse Mayo by feeding him pails of tea made of tamarack sprouts, spruce tips and jackpine bark. Mayo slowly regained his health and, toward the end of the winter, went back to Minnesota, promising to return the following year.

Despite Mayo's illness, the winter on Beaver River had been profitable. The traps yielded a good catch of lynx, marten, mink, fox and beaver and the two men were able to share $5,000.

Mayo didn't come back the following winter and so Faille trapped by himself. This time he made $5,000 alone and he was convinced that he should make his home in this country.

He sent for his wife, Marion, and went to Edmonton to meet her. But despite his enthusiasm for the Beaver River country, Marion refused to come and live with him in the wilderness. Faille had an agonizing choice to make and he chose the North. Marion went back to Minnesota.

That was 1926, in Edmonton, and

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it was the last time Faille ever saw a city. It was also the last time he ever saw his wife, although he sent her money regularly until she died in 1950.

"I don't know why Marion wouldn't come," says Faille. "I offered her a good life. Lots of Indian women offered to come in with me, but I never did it. I always thought I might some day go home to Marion."

After he said good-bye to his wife Faille settled into the lonely routine of the solitary trapper. His partner Fred Mayo, never came back.

In the summers there were people to talk to at Fort Simpson. But during the long winters his only companions were the dogs that hauled his sled along the traplines and the shinkadees and whisky jacks that scavenged for food. There were also the wolves that howled in the sub-Arctic night and occasionally attacked him.

He had a hundred miles of traplines and each day during those winters he would cover a section, remove the animals from the traps and bait them again. At night he would sleep in a tent or in one of the several tiny cabins he built.

Weren't you lonesome? I asked him.

"Yes," he said, "but mostly I was too busy to be lonesome."

By 1943 Faille, was fifty-five years old and the life of the traplines was becoming more and more grueling for him. He was offered a job as engineer on a boat operated by a doctor who cruised up and down the Mackenzie River treating patients in the little settlements. He took the job and found it pleasant, but after eight years he became restless again. So he decided to become a prospector and look for the legendary gold of the Nahanni. He was now sixty-three.

One evening, during my trip down the river with him, I asked him what made him so sure there was gold in this country.

"Before 1900," said Faille, "there was an Indian called Little Nahanni who brought some nuggets out of here. He gave them to Bishop Breynat at Fort Simpson, and he made them into a watch chain and a ring. About thirty years ago I saw that ring on the Bishop's finger. The Bishop was an old man by then.

"It was that same Indian, Little Nahanni, who told the McLeod brothers where to find the gold.

Faille told me this while we were camped in Headless Valley. The McLeod brothers' cabin had long ago been washed away by the river in one of its springtime rampages. But somewhere here their skeletons were buried, perhaps near this very campfire. The RCMP had investigated the case and was satisfied that there had been no foul play, but rumors of murder persisted in this case and others. And the more old timers you ask about these things in the North the more versions you get.

For instance, what about Martin Jorgenson, who went looking for the McLeod gold and whose skeleton was found around 1913? Was there a bullet hole in his skull? Or was the skull conspicuously missing? And what about the note that *he* left saying he had shrunk it, eh?

In 1929 a prospector named Angus Hill disappeared in the Nahanni country. In 1932 Faille found the bones of Phil Powers in the ashes of a cabin that had burned down. In 1936 Mylie Holland and Eppler vanished into the air. Holmberg was found dead in 1940 and in 1949 Shichuch was found in his cabin; his diary showed that he had been 43 days without food and just before he died he wrote HELP MAN HERE on a piece of wood nailed to the cabin door and went inside.

There were other strange deaths, too, including that of a man who came United Kingdom by stopping dynamite around his waist. No wonder then that the Nahanni had lured the imaginations of writers for Sunday supplements and men's adventure magazines. In their offices thousands of miles away they have concocted gorgeous inventions about head-hunting Indians, demons, savage mountain men ruled by a white goddess.

Neither Faille nor anyone else who has traveled the Nahanni has ever seen a demon or a white goddess. But what about more prosaic phenomena like murder?

Were the McLeods murdered?" I asked Faille.

"No," he said. "They probably starved to death."

"Then what happened to their skulls?"

"Grizzly bears probably took them away."

We went through the whole list of deaths and Faille—like the RCMP—attributed them all to natural causes. By "natural causes" he meant drowning, freezing, starving, landslides, wild animals and starvation.

Then how had Faille managed to survive? After all, he had traveled the Nahanni country more than any of the others.

"Some of them had bad luck," said Faille, "and some of them were careless. I've always been careful. And besides, my number hasn't come up."

On the last day of my trip down river with Faille I asked him once again why he kept looking for the Nahanni gold.

"I guess it's because I'm restless," he told me. "I've got to keep on the move. I've been on the move all my life and I can't stop now."

Another time I had asked him whether if he struck it rich he would have a fling in some big city like Montreal or Toronto. Allnut all he hadn't been "outside" since his trip to Edmonton thirty-five years before.

"No," he said. "I don't like cities. I was in New York in 1919 when they demobilized me from the army. I only stayed one day. I didn't even go sightseeing."

"Then what *would* you do with the money?" I asked.

"Maybe I'd buy a big boat. Get somebody to run it for me and get somebody to cook for me. Just go up and down the Mackenzie in it and stop here and there and know the fat with people."

On another occasion when I asked him why he wanted to find the gold he said: "Maybe I want to start a gold rush. Get a lot of people to come here. They'd say: 'It's the Nahanni Gold Rush.' Albert Faille started it."

My trip with Faille was now nearing its end. Headless Valley was far behind us and in the distance we could see the box like mountain called Nahanni Butte. This is where the Nahanni empties into the Liard River and here there is a tiny settlement of about ten white people and fifty Indians. I had arranged for a plane to pick me up here and fly me out to Fort Nelson, B.C. from where I could get back to Montreal by airline. Faille would continue on down the Liard to Fort Simpson where he would spend the winter in his little cabin.

And so on a hot August afternoon Albert Faille put me ashore at Nahanni Butte. This adjustable old man had brought me safely down the haunted river and now it was time to say good-bye to him. But before I did that I asked him one more question. And of course I knew the answer in advance.

Are you going up again next summer, Albert? I said.

"Sure," he said. "If he dead or drowned before I get [illegible] ★

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It took Faille a week to portage food, gas, [illegible] hamlet, past a falls that [illegible] he built another boat.



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MACLEAN'S



YOUSUF KARSH

continued from page 24

'Some of my earliest memories years of hideous persecution"

each one what he most desired.

Religion played an important part in my early education although an account of its form must disturb any reader seriously concerned about my spiritual upbringing. My father was a devout Roman Catholic while my mother — the greatest Christian woman I have ever known — was born into the Protestant faith. I myself was baptized in the Roman Church and was sent to a Roman Catholic school in Mardin. Indeed there was serious thought that I might later study for the priesthood. In the end my mother decided against it, and in after years when we were both in the New World I sometimes teased her saying: "Well you know if you had permitted me to study for the priesthood you would have been the first Protestant mother of a Pope."

I loved my mother and admired the goodness of my father. Religious differences were never discussed by my parents and I was unaware as a child of division among Christians. But the gap that separated us from Islam was a totally different matter.

While the name Armenian does not actually mean Christian, the terms were considered synonymous across Turkey. To be sure Armenia — lost in the forgotten — was the oldest Christian nation in the world. And although Christians were a minority in my Turkish homeland, the Muslims despised on the Christmas to commerce industry architecture many of the mosques were built by Armenians) and indeed for almost anything that had to be done. It is not my intention to trace the reasons for the terrible reaction born of this relationship throughout my childhood days. Suffice it to say that genocide in the Hitlerian sense was invented by the Turkish masters of my people. For almost twenty years Armenians were subjected to a systematic campaign aimed at the extermination of my race. This hideous persecution which began in the closing years of the nineteenth century forms part of my earliest memories of Mardin. It reached its peak in the bloody atrocities of 1915 and did not end for my immediate family until we were permitted to flee to Syria with our lives — and with nothing more — in 1922.

I remember two of my uncles, brothers of my mother who were highly skilled craftsman. For no reason at all they were torn from their homes and cast into prison. It was little Yousuf Karsh to whom was delegated the duty of taking food to them in jail. I was chosen because only a child could hope to deliver packages past the soldiers in the streets.

At last I was told that there would be no more packages to deliver to the jail. Word had been brought to us that both my uncles were dead. One had been suffocated in a cupboard in which he had been forced to stand for hours or days (I do not know which) without food or water and without air to breathe. The other had been thrown alive into a well.

There was another member of the Nakash family, my Aunt Nazlie, who also was cast into a well to die. My father succeeded in bribing a Turk to rescue her and we finally sursaid her back to health. Ultimately she came to Canada, married and raised a wonderful family before her death a few years ago. On another occasion I saw with my own eyes a dead baby hanging on a butcher hook such as was used to suspend a sheep after slaughtering.

I have mentioned that I had a little sister. Next to my self, to myself. What we were suffering most acutely from at this time was starvation at Mardin. A severe typhoid fever epidemic added its own inflictions. My sister took ill and in spite of my mother's gentle nursing, died after a few days sickness. The epidemic was so severe that no burial service could be arranged. At last my Aunt Lucia found two men who agreed to take her body away for burial. I apologize to my readers for not sparing them but I remember my horror when Aunt Lucia later revealed that these men had not taken my little sister's body away to bury it but for another purpose. All I can say is that Mardin was starving at the time.

I recall that as a youngster in Mardin the whole family slept out doors during the balmy summer nights. We would sleep on pallets on a wooden platform or divan on the terrace or roof of our house. I remember for a dark haired young girl cousin, a mere child of seven, who slept on the platform beside my brothers and me. As we lay on our pallets beneath the starry sky, starry as a sky can be anywhere except in the Near East, this young child would weave fairy tales about ships and voyages and faraway people and marvelous happenings that I shall never forget. The stories of the Thousand and One Nights were never more beautifully told. I am convinced nor told in a setting where they appeared more probable.

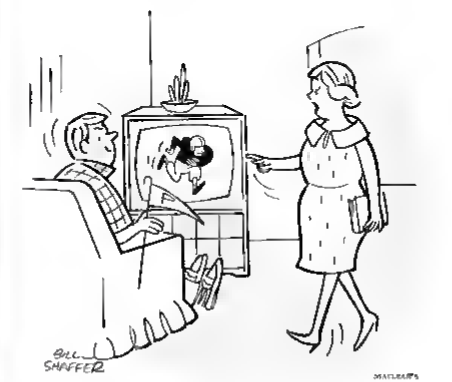
Turkish order: "Don't come back"

Indeed my memories of those days, sometimes terribly vivid sometimes faint, comprise a strange, massive mixture of blood and beauty, of persecution and peace. This is partly because the persecutions themselves continued over many years and life had to go on albeit fearfully all the while.

We dreamed always of a time of liberation, a day when we could leave it all behind us. Already my parents had spoken of sending me to Canada to live with my Uncle Nakash in Sherbrooke. At last came the day in 1922 when we heard that the Turkish Government had given permission to the Armenians to emigrate, something that had never been permitted previously. There were hard conditions, of course, but my father was one of the first to accept them. We were to be allowed to dispose of personal effects such as clothing (we had however been robbed of most of our belongings) and we were then simply to leave the doors of our houses open and to depart. We were to understand that we would never return to our homeland again. Nor have I done so.

My Uncle Nakash was a photographer with an established reputation when he took me into his home in Sherbrooke, Quebec at the beginning of January 1925.

Uncle Nakash was still a bachelor when I went to live with him but he treated me as a son from the beginning and like a good father pushed me all in school a few days after we arrived in Sherbrooke. Of course



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"Well I'm relieved to know it wasn't the plumbing."

language was the first obstacle I had to overcome. Perhaps because I already spoke a little French which I had learned in Syria, my uncle sent me to an English-speaking school so that I might learn English. I was immediately placed in the highest form which was Grade Seven, but the classes in French in which I proved to be an apt pupil, for all other classes I sat in what I think must have been the kindergarten and found the course of studies there as difficult as if it had been differential analysis.

However, my classmates (both in Grade Seven and in kindergarten) were very considerate and I quickly learned to love my new life in Sherbrooke and even began to show some improvement in my English.

Sometimes the teachers would make a little speech to the class about how I came to be there and how they should be polite to me at all times, too, but I had the reputation of being unusually courteous myself. I knew they were speaking about me and saying gracious things about my manners which I suspect have always served in the direction of being nearly polite. Then I would stand and smile and bow through all the points of the compass. This always seemed to please everybody, including the teacher, perhaps because it was the only thing I could do really well and which they all could understand.

My formal education in the New World came to an end almost before it had begun. When the summer vacation began six months later I left school permanently and went to work for my uncle in his photographic studio. This was another important turning-point in my career and while I did not realize it fully at the time everything connected with the art of portrait photography captivated my interest and energy completely from that moment. This was in July 1925.

Working as an apprentice with my uncle in his studio I soon became acquainted with all the usual technical processes involved in developing, printing and enlarging. But I particularly recall the special thrill I derived whenever Uncle Nahash had clients in for a sitting. It was then that I listened and watched most eagerly. I had to tune my ear to the special language of the studio: but the repartee between photographer and client always fascinated me. My reluctant attitude pleased my uncle who soon began to hint at further plans for my study of photography. In due course he proposed that I go to Boston to work with one of the master portrettists in North America of that time, John H. Garo.

Of all my many debts to Uncle Nahash, his persuading Garo to accept me as an apprentice is the one I have been least able to repay.

Garo was Armenian, too, about fifty years old when I went to him. His real name was Garoian, but in America he had shortened it to Garo. When I went to Boston in 1928 his name was so famous in the world of photography that I had the sensation of being sent to study under a Michelangelo.

The Garo studio was on the second, third and top floors of 739 Boylston Street, not far from the central public library of Boston. At the top of a flight of stairs from the foyer and down a short corridor was the glass door that carried the name of Garo. His name was written on it in ornate Persian characters, set in the heart of a circle. Why Garo, an Armenian, should have chosen to have his name appear in Persian is difficult for me to say. I think he felt that it looked interesting and emphasized even dacorative and perhaps to Americans it did, although not one of his clients could have guessed what it said. I mention this because it was quite out of character for him to indulge in anything that could be described as flamboyant in his perhaps this was.

Garo could be colorful but he was modest all the way into his soul, and this modesty made him in many ways reluctant accept when he could relax with friends, and even then he would not laud the Ian making. But when immersed in his work he could suddenly exclaim to a tense subject:

Now lat me sing yoe tha aria from *Aida*! And sing it he would in his fine bass-baritone. Thas he would project his personality to the studio, while hiding it in public.

Garo accepted me as a pupil and after six months he even began to pay me twenty one dollars per week a good starting wage for a junior in any business than. Of these earnings I spent four dollars a week for lessons in English. I groped along attempting to learn a few new words each day and often I tried them out on Garo. I remember saying to Garo once: "There seems to be a lot of antimony about you."

I tried to understand everything he did although he was es enable to explain the exact reason in advance in those days as I am unable to predict my intentions in a sitting today. But after he had completed his photograph I would ask him what he had had him to decide to portray the subject in this way, or to come to that decision. If it held in place a video on the opportunity to learn through practical post mortems such as these. For I was in the position of standing beside the great Garo from the moment that the subject arrived until the master print had been approved. Even so Garo could not explain his art completely. Few great artists can. And so he saw to it that I went to art classes in Boston in addition to studying English.

This art school education was valuable to me as Garo intended even though I did not realize that to draw. Even at that time I believe I had a certain flair for lighting, design, and composition. The instructor would often choose me saying: "Karsh if you will please come up on the dais and arrange the drapery on this model." Then I would step forward eagerly and arrange the drapery over the model who was usually a nude young lady, and I would light the figure carefully as it seemed to me it should be lighted. Sometimes I would seek to keep the head in shadow and focus the strong light on the drapery or on the lower torso. Sometimes it was the profile that deserved lighting. Then I became a kind of technical assistant to the instructor of art and would work with him about the room studying what the students were doing on their drawing boards instead of drawing myself.

The instructor would discuss with me the lighting effect I had created and we would criticize the students' work together, one at a time. It was a strategy use I was making of the art classes but I was doing what I felt I could do best. Later I came to realize that the other students were studying drawing while I was thinking only of modeling, mostly with light.

And then Garo left me on my own as well. I would purchase my own materials, including glass plates for we used glass plates exclusively in Garo's studio. On a week end I would go to the public library, which had become my other home in Boston, and watch the crowds of visitors. If among them I found a young girl or woman, an old man — it did not matter which — who captured my fancy as a possible camera subject, I would cast aside my great natural shyness and invite that person to Garo's studio. More often than not the chosen subject would come with me and I would photograph him on my own time. The plates I made in this way I processed at night and the next morning I would show them to my master.

"Ah well," he would say, "if I were



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doing this I would do it differently and I will tell you why And there would follow a critical lecture on my amateur interpretation during which he would transfer some of himself to me in such a way that I would never lose it

Because Caro was a painter he would remind me that if you were painting the portrait of a man or a woman you could not create twelve canvases at a sitting in the hope of finding one good enough to sign Similarly in photography He would say Reflect before you expose a plate Don't expose carelessly relying on averages through a series of exposures Make each as perfect as you can It was electrifying to watch him at work and it was tiring very tiring for him as well as for the person watching

Sittings in Caro's studio were by daylight — Caro's preference — and so there were no clients after four o'clock or so in the afternoon That hour was the beginning of many a happy and relaxed gathering of artists in a host of fields, who would come in be with Caro and with each other

Some of these gatherings would be planned three or four weeks in advance and considerable care would be taken to include visiting artists of the theatre or opera who could be expected in Boston at such a time On the given evening, Caro's salon would fill with these men and women of great talent and guests of great power to appreciate what is at least as important to the success of any occasion But the signal for a party often came only out of one of those wonderful converses that so often began after four o'clock in the afternoon One of Caro's artist friends might suddenly say "Caro! Let us have so-and-so join us and why do you not call so-and-so? I would like to sing for you tonight I feel like it!" And such a request was always acted upon immediately and the telephoned invitations would be accepted almost without fail Then after the last of the guests had arrived we would hear Caro tuning *The Song of the Flea* or an aria from *Boris Godunof* with parts filled in by others present until the whole assembly shared in the chorus from memory Young Yousuf Karsh included

My days with Caro were during the depths of the prohibition period but this did not detract from the hospitality that flowed at his studio although it may have adulterated it slightly Naturally I was the bartender which service Caro seemed to associate with the handling of the chemicals we used in his developing room

"Now for Dr Koussevitsky Yousuf" Caro would say, "let us have a martini" Which meant that I would mix a gin for the great conductor "And for Arthur Fiedler some hypo" hypo being our humorous code word for bourbon

Caro secured his supply of chemical for the bar I operated from a bootlegger He was a very honest bootlegger however who did not charge too exorbitant a price The chemical was brought to the door and handed to Caro in turpentine cans Then I would go to the drugstore to buy the flavoring This might be gin flavor or rye flavor or rum flavor or bourbon flavor even Scotch flavor for the epicures. The flavors came in tubes, and we would use one tube to so much alcohol and add so much water If we ran a little short of alcohol there was always more water

One of our guests who frequently brought hype" or "nitric acid" with him was Ralph Sadler of the *Boston Transcript* He must have had some Eastern blood for whatever his choice of contribution to the party he invariably himself preferred our Armenian raki Like many newspaper men Ralph had a fund of droll stories and he always contributed brilliantly to the humor and gaiety of the occasion It was Ralph Sadler who intervened when my immigration permit was about to run out and it even appeared that I might have to return to Syria Through some highly placed friend in Washington he was able to stop the bureaucratic machine on my behalf

Another favorite friend was "Pop" Jordan by profession president of a printing company and by hobby a photographer of considerable skill He made one of the first color shots of a rainbow rushing out of his house in pouring rain in his pyjamas while he hastily followed him with umbrella and various garments to protect him from pneumonia and the police

I stayed with Caro for three years, until 1931 when I returned to Sherbrooke and to the practice of my new profession with Uncle Nakash But already my interest was in personalities rather than merely in portraiture and the desire to be on my own was walling up inside me with steadily increasing pressure

Since I was interested in photographing personalities that influence our lives a world capital seemed a good place to locate Washington was impossible for me, because immigration into the United States was controlled by quota and there was no quota for Armenians at the time Ottawa was accessible to me however and it seemed to me that it would be a crossroads for personages going from London to Ottawa from Ottawa to Washington and from Washington to London via Ottawa I began to ask travelers who came to my uncle's studio representing the Eastman Kodak Company to let me know when they heard of an opening in Ottawa and one day one of these whose name was Bell told me that John Powis of Ottawa would very much like to have a young man with your experience Some one had told you is what he needs" I sent samples of my work to Powis and he wrote to me to come for an interview As a result, he was enthusiastic about my moving to Ottawa and within a few weeks, in the autumn of 1932, I packed all my possessions in two suitcases and moved to the capital to work for the Powis Studio

At first I processed the negatives Powis took and finished the portraits Then I began to take more and more of the actual portraits which were issued under his name Finally I learned John Powis would not be renewing his lease and that he planned to wind up his business I approached the landlord, Mr E. S. Sherwood, about leasing to me and I shall always be grateful to him because he made things easy for me at the outset by letting me have my quarters at 130 Sparks Street at $65 00 a month He is still my landlord today

I had few friends in Ottawa during my first months but one day in October 1932 I met a young man who said to me "I am going to the theatre tonight, would you like to come along?" He then told me that it was a stage play *La Belle de Hongrie* and that a lady whom he knew would be playing the leading role

I was not too strongly impressed by the play (which being in English I had still some difficulty in following) but I was very much struck by the timbre of the voice of the leading lady for I have always been extremely sensitive to voices. After the performance my new friend led me backstage and down to a dressing room which he entered without knocking on the door There reclined an attractive young woman with one foot painted toward the ceiling as she pulled on a stocking She threw a big smile at her friend and also at the funny foreign-looking boy who accompanied him and being Solange shouted in her rich accent "Wall if you will come into my dressing room when I'm pulling on my stockings— and went right ahead with the other one in her uninhibited fashion She said afterward that she thought it took me several years to get over the shock

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of a deer The dog had never seen bones so large and didn't know what to do with them after some fast pawing at the ground The farmer was watching all this as he plowed the adjoining field with his tractor Then the dog suddenly backed out right in front of him tugging a massive deer bone He dropped it in the tractor's path then dashed aside and watched with evident delight as the plow dug a trench and buried the bone Every time the tractor passed another bone was buried Since then the triumphant dog has buried all over the whole farm cows and all

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of our first meeting, but it was not so. I thought she was wonderful then as always. The three of us spent the rest of the evening together, and I did most of the listening. I knew instantly that I liked Solange Gauthier, that I loved her.

It was not my first offer, but she accepted—nor the second, but ultimately she agreed, and we were married in the spring of 1939. Until her death of a malignancy in January 1961, Solange continued to be my inspiration, business manager and chief reinforcement. And it was she who brought me into association with the Little Theatre movement in Ottawa. It was largely through the connection that I started on my present career.

I photographed Solange—as an actress—and I watched Solange directing plays. As instructions about lighting effects were given by the directors, a new world was opened to me. This experience of photographing actors on the stage, with stage lighting was electrifying. Gaze had taught me to work with daylight, where one had to wait for the lighting to be right. In this new situation the director could command the lighting to do what he wished. The unlimited possibilities of artificial lighting overwhelmed me.

At the same time I was appointed official photographer for the first Dominion Drama Festival held in Ottawa in 1933. I had been chosen because I was the only photographer who had concentrated on amateur theatre work, and at that I had not been concentrating very long, perhaps a few months.

Lord Bessborough, Governor General of Canada at this period, was a prime mover in the establishment of the Festival, and the donor of the Bessborough Trophy, annually awarded to the winning performance. It seemed to me that it would be a great accomplishment if I could secure per-

PARADE

In the wet

A Winnipeg mother had friends issued her two young sons second pairs of dry shoes on a rainy summer afternoon when she again saw them splashing in puddles. She rapped angrily at them on a window — so angrily that she smashed it. She was



sitting on the kitchen stool nursing her cut hand and still muttering lustily when she heard small voices on the back porch. "Maybe mother's dead," said the younger voice. "Let's see if she is," said the older voice. Then if she doesn't answer we can go back in the water.

Parade pays $5 to $10 for true anecdotes. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's.

mission to photograph the representative of the Crown in Canada. So I asked his son Lord Duncannon if he could persuade his father and mother to sit for me. To my eager delight he brought back their consent. They came to the studio and I took photographs but I was too excited and frustrated on this my first major job and my mistakes in English were embarrassing. I remember that after photographing Lord Bessborough I was anxious to photograph the picturesque Lady Bessborough alone, and so I said, "Your Excellency, please recline in the reception room with my secretary."

The upshot was that the photographs were a complete fiasco. I don't believe I even focussed the camera correctly. So a few days later I reported to Lord Duncannon in great consternation. "I am awfully sorry. I feel sad. It is a complete misfortune but I was too excited." To my astonishment Lord and Lady Bessborough came to sit again and this time the photographs were a great success. They were published everywhere, double page spreads in the *Illustrated London News*, in *The Tatler*, in *The Sketch*, across Canada in many publications.

My career had now at last begun. ★

First of two articles from "In search of greatness" by Yousuf Karsh. University of Toronto Press. The second will appear in the next issue.

Don't worry, mom, I'll get a job

When this boy's father died, many dreams died with him. Because there was not enough life insurance, a student must now become a breadwinner. A boy must enter a new world unprepared—a world where each year higher education becomes increasingly important.

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STOP IMPROVING THE HORSE

continued from page 13

"The way a harness racer lifts its feet is embarrassing. The show horse has become a freak"

accompanied by servants, shouts, buzzers and bells on the backside, by a professional who gets the highest pay of any athlete just to get every ounce of effort out of him. Just think, big of it has inside the race horse a nervous wreck that sometimes sweats so much it's in a lather *before* it's started to run. It's so high-strung it has to be given a goat to shave, it into eating an alarm clock to stop it still pacing, and a dead pony to remind it how a horse should behave. Some try to dig holes in their stalls and bury themselves before a race. I saw one chestnut gelding, that just kept looking through me and twitching its lips like an old man reciting poetry to himself in an all-night diner.

Another horse swayed like a polar bear from one side to another on a vertical strip of webbing. They got a thousand live-hundred gadgets to stop them doing things like that—a futuristic looking hillowet of the sport of kings said, and none of them work.

One ultimate end product of the gentle, patient beast that has waited for his master outside grog shops, delivered his milk and enchanted his children, leapt into the air as I passed, screamed and came at me as it it were going to break through the webbing, but that horse would have had to set a new track record to catch me.

A groom who was cold-walking a hot-blooded champion started at the sight of me as if I'd pulled a gun on him.

"Over there! *Hut* side!" he yelled, leaning back against a horse that had apparently been improved right out of its mind. "This is a rotten one. He's liable to go for you."

At another stable where a hand from Kentucky had previously told me regally they had nothing but well-bred horses—an ex-jockey demonstrated just how well-bred one of them was.

"He won't let you touch his chin," he said. Watch." He reached out. The horse flattened his ears like a rabbit, bared his teeth, snaked out his head so fast the jockey jumped almost as high as I did. "See what I mean?" he said thinly.

I'll say this, replied one old-timer, looking thoughtfully out of a trailer over some bottles of liniment when I asked him if he thought they were improving the breed. "I don't think they're getting any worse."

They're not getting any better either, and they won't until man stops trying to improve them and starts leaving them alone. The horse is now being imported in special small sizes to fit children members of pony clubs. He costs Daddy $300 plus a monthly fee as high as the payments on a car for board and private or semi-private accommodation.

The range horse is regularly transformed from a perfectly good-natured and useful animal into a bronco by a device called a bucking strap which the hero on top of him yanks up into his crotch. With the aid of spurring this makes the horse do the only sensible thing: try to get rid of the rider, and more power to him. The show horse, which provides a quick means of galloping into society is no longer in exemplary specimen of his type. In he used to be when shows included bits-engine horses and draft horses. He's often a prancing freak with rat tail, whisk tail, braided tail, braided mane and everything but a beehive hair-do. He's taught to stand like a rocking horse until he forgets how to stand naturally. He's taught to hold his tail at an aristocratic elevation by men who fold the butt end of his tail into position with a thing like a hat net and hold it there until the tail won't come down at least until the show's over.

Harness horses are made to lift their feet in so affected a way that it's strangely embarrassing to anyone who remembers the horse when it used to pull a milk wagon. This is done by rigging the horse up with a system of ropes and pulleys or by putting chains around its ankles. One horse lover at the Canadian National Exhibition Horse Show told me that he has fashioned his own device out of the chains and found he got better results if he left them on until the horse's feet were sore.

The ultimate in the things you can do to a horse is called dressage which is the big word now in horsey circles. Dressage is a technique of superb training and when you're through with ordinary dressage you move into *Haute Ecole* thought into full flower by the Viennese Riding School.

Haute Ecole writes one of its exponents, "is unrewarding as a form of art for after long years of training that which one has created a horse trained to perfection lasts only for a restricted number of years."

This isn't surprising, for among other things, the horse learns to hop on its hind feet to pirouette, do the Spanish Trot (the polka) and the Piaffe which means trotting without going anywhere. (The impulsion is directed upwards instead of forwards.) and it is taught by leading the horse to a wall and inducing it to step forward and simultaneously holding it back. But one should be especially careful not to interfere with the reins as a sensitive horse might fall over backward."

If the horse hasn't fallen over backwards it's only because he still retains some strains of the noble patient animal he has always been believed to be and has been around man long enough not to be surprised by anything a man does. The horse was domesticated long before written history began. The only wild horses today are mean looking four-foot ponies called *Equus przewalskii* after a Russian explorer. They roam part of Western Mongolia in herds of fifteen or so, each headed by an old stallion. (The mustang of the American west which was used by the Indians to make things tough for the white man was a horse that escaped from the Spanish explorers and later bred with escaped Percherons from Canada.) All the great civilizations were founded with the help of the horse. It became a revolutionary instrument of war either as a charger or chariot horse. (The ox and ass did the plowing and hauling until relatively recent times.) One of the most famous war horses of history was Bucephalus the charger of the two-fisted drunk and conqueror Alexander the Great. Bucephalus lived to be thirty, had a city named after him, and was one of the first known art critics. When Alexander said that a painting by the Greek artist Apelles was all wrong, Bucephalus stepped up and whinnied. Apelles, a true artist, told Alexander that his horse knew more about art than he did.

The medieval armored knight rode a massive hairy-heeled charger that could have folded one of today's lean-footed hallelinas by just leaning on it. It weighed 2,000 to 2,500 pounds and needed every ounce of it because it had to ram its rider into another rider on a horse just as heavy. If a knight in white armor revisited the earth today on the horse he really used to ride and rode up to a waiting princess, she'd think he was some nut who was trying to bring back the popularity of the draft horse.

These horses, the Flemish Horse and the English Great Horse, became the Shire and Belgian and Clydesdale. These, in turn were bred with lighter strains from the East, to produce the horses that did all the work of the world until the first steam engine and the automobile replaced them—horses like the Percheron and Hackney and Coach Horse, along with some, like the Hunter, that didn't do any useful work but were rugged, durable and male all the same.

With changes in warfare and the need for more mobile animals, the desert breeds from Arabia and North Africa and Turkey were imported to England. The owners began to see how fast they could go, riding them themselves, the horses racing three or four heats of four miles each in an afternoon and carrying a man that weighed 168 pounds and sometimes much more over a rough course that followed the lay of the land. Eventually the snooty English stud book decreed that it would accept only the names of horses descended from three founding fathers known to posterity as Godolphin Arabian, Byerley's Turk and Darley's Arabian. Thus the improvement of the horse began although it was many years before individuals appeared of what form the improvement was to take as when the great American horse Man O' War was refused in the stud book because his background was sketchy.

Looking back on the record it's hard to see how the horse has improved. It can go faster for short distances. If bursts of speed are what count, he's got it. But he isn't the horse he used to be. Even in the field of harness racing a homespun North American sport which still preserves some of the attributes of the horse, it's hard to see how they improved over gay old hoolers of the past such as the famous trotter Goldsmith Maid whose mother hauled a cart for a hat peddler. Goldsmith Maid was a farm horse herself who began her career by carrying a Negro boy and his girl friend to town bareback to get married, and ran faster the older she got until she set a world record at seven teen and just to prove that it was no fluke did it again when she was nine teen. In the 1800s bets were made on one hour trotting records that is, a horse trotted a record distance in an hour, then other horses tried to trot the same distance in less than an hour, and a horse called Dan Thumb trotted one hundred miles over Sodbury Common in England in ten hours and seven minutes pulling a sulky weighing 160 pounds. A pacer called Pilot, foaled in Canada was picked up by a peddler, hitched to a wagon load of supplies and trotted all the way to

D K

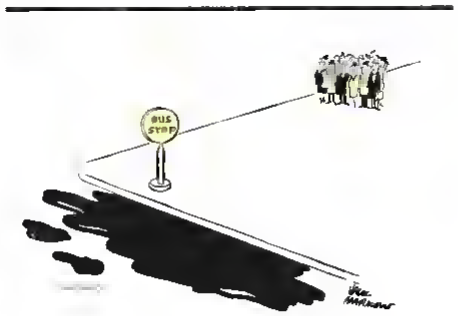
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New Orleans, and evidently felt better all the way for when he was bought in New Orleans by a Major Dnhorse, the major couldn't find any takers for a race.

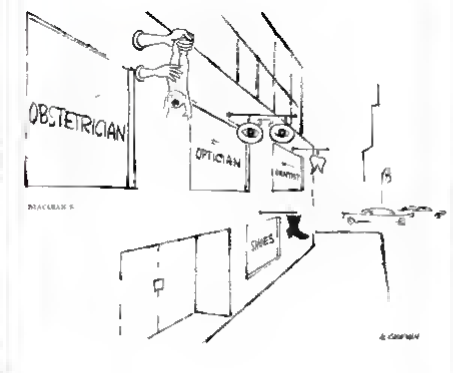
The horse that is dramatized as the peak of perfection of his kind — the thoroughbred — doesn't seem to have done much better in comparison to old-timers. The mile-and-three-eighths and mile-and-a-half records were made before 1930 and the records for all distances from two-and-an eighth to two-and-seven-eighths except one were made before 1926. The four mile record was made by Solemn in 1912. The reason the horse isn't being bred for staying power any more is that it's easier to train them for short distances. Conscientious breeders, trainers and race track owners are trying to get longer races on their cards in an effort to get the horse back to something resembling what it used to be before they started improving it.

But horse racing today is largely a product of the racing fan, who hasn't improved in years. He doesn't ride, bathes or particularly like horses. He reads newspaper columns by writers who make fun of horses and writers who offer such lofty essays on improving the breed as LOOT FROM THE LOWLY: PROFITS FROM PLATERS ARE PROVEN IN THIS LUCRATIVE WORKOUT (September 1962 American Turf) and SURE FIRE METHOD: A DROP DOWN SYSTEM THAT PICKS WINNERS AT FANCY MUTUELS (from the same issue). The track follower spends an afternoon standing in a litter of stubs trying to figure out how to make some money without working for it, calls the horses dogs if they don't come through and leaves an afternoon of watching the breed improved mumbling things like "I could walk faster." The horse is ridden by a man who often doesn't sound as if he's concerned with improving the horse ("I can make anywhere from $30,000 to $110,000 a year as a jockey so I don't hate how hard he gets ... I diet for money." Eric Guerin, in Saturday Evening Post) and he's often trained by a man who has just given up barbering or laying concrete blocks to start improving the breed. The brand new trainer has passed a test that includes that he knows what a horse is, and if the distance is short enough all he needs to do is wind up his thoroughbred to a pitch just short of driving him bonkers and if the horse is seated enough by the jockey and headed in the right direction, he'll run a fast race covering the short distance at speeds described to me by one himself as "ridiculous." What he's really doing of course is boiling:

"I doubt if there are thirty-five trainers in North America, who can train a crop horse to carry weight over a mile and a quarter or a mile and a half. I was told by a horseman from Kentucky as we watched a horse hand for the paddock looking sideways from its blinkers like a maniac, baring its teeth, spraying gravel and scattering people including the jockey who was to ride him: "Bring him right through here! Bring him right through here!" the Kentuckian chanted until a scene that looked like a TV report on an Algerian riot.

In the popular picture of the horse in its noblest form, he's usually looking out toward the track, ears pricked to the distant sound of the bugle, every inch a champion. I think one with more significance is a scene I saw one evening when I came across a trainer in a leather jacket playing with a relaxed looking horse that looked to me as if he were revelling happily for the moment, anyway, to a plow horse. They both sparred with one another, the horse made elaborate jabbing motions with its muzzle the trainer called it fondly an old goat, turned to me as if he'd just remembered something and said: "You know things are different around a race track now. We used to play ball around the stables just for fun. Now we have a league. We wear uniforms and play for a prize."

It struck me as a pretty good summary of what's happening to a lot of things today, including the horse. ★



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FOR THE TUMMY



LE TOUR DU ST. LAURENT

continued from page 21

Fuel for a professional bike racer: 5,000 calories a day

the racers were the best shape. Bikemasters are almost all slim, lean-muscled men, most of them under six feet and under a hundred and eight pounds. Their distinguishing abnormality is the distortion of their thigh muscles. At rest the muscles of the front of their thighs jut out like dewlaps over their kneecaps. As they strain on the pedals they halves tight on into patterns of long, tense cords.

These physiques, during a race are stoked with a startling amount of food. Some of them get more than five thousand calories a day. At breakfast a bike racer is likely to eat a bowl of porridge, bacon and eggs, toast, a cup and a half of coffee, a basket of French fries and a salad and wash it all down with fruit juice and a quart of milk. Then he'll stuff some chocolate bars or bananas or cookies into his pockets to eat while he races. Nearly all the racers in the Tour have plastic bottles with plastic straws which they fill with some sort of sweet drink, fix to their handlebars and sip while they ride.

Downhill a mile a minute

After breakfast on the first day, a Saturday, the Tour left Quebec City by ferry for Lévis. Its first goal was St.-Georges in Quebec's Beauce country. Then the racers turned to cross the eastern townships and head for Montreal. From Montreal they pedaled to Hull and Ottawa, then down to Cornwall, Ontario, and back via Montreal and the north shore of the St. Lawrence to Quebec, finishing on a Saturday. On a typical day, they left Thetford Mines in Quebec at 7:30 in the morning and raced by a round about route a hundred and ten miles to Drummondville. This trip took slightly less than five hours—the best racers average nearly twenty-five miles an hour uphill and down and sometimes they go fifty-five or seven on a downhill run. At Drummondville they finished and a two-hour rest and then in the early evening raced another twenty miles around a heavily-roped circuit on the town's main streets.

Each day's journey ended with a closed circuit contested two laps; so the Tour had six laps in its eight days. The winner of each lap got to wear the *maillot jaune*—a bright lemon yellow jersey carrying the notation in red, boldly but not red that "milk is the drink of champions"—for the next one. He also won a cheque for twenty-five dollars, which if he was an amateur went to his trainer. Some of the European riders were semi-professionals, ready to accept money and therefore not eligible for the Olympic games, but not good enough to earn with a professional's license, which is required for such events as the Tour de France.

The over-all winner of the Tour was the man with the lowest total time for each lap he won seven hundred dollars. There was an added complication. The winner of each lap finished *in the same time* was given, along with his twenty-five dollars, a deduction of a minute from his total time. The man who came second could deduct thirty seconds and the man who came third fifteen. Every one else who had ridden the hundred miles got a free lunch.

At least one or two of the sixty-four riders who left Quebec City on the first Saturday buckled under the strain each day and since there was no way to place in the over-all totals without finishing, every lap the field was down to forty-two by the finish.

In addition to the individual competition, the ten national teams of four riders each in addition to the team total of the three with the fastest total times were counted. There were six national teams entered in the Tour de Canada: the U.S., Russia, England, Austria and Switzerland. The Russians, in their first year here, were by far the best. The three all-women's race was Alekei Petrov, a gold-haired twenty-two-year-old who was handsome as Bobby Hull. Another Russian came third, another fourth. The slowest Russian came eighth; we may never hear from him again.

Austria placed riders second, sixth and seventh, and was ninth, twelfth, nineteenth behind the Russians for the team championship. (The U.S. was third and Canada fourth.) But no one came close to the Russians in providing skill, excitement or apparent interest. Aleksei Petrov, a goldin-haired twenty-two-year-old who was handsome as Bobby Hull. Another Russian came third, another fourth. The slowest Russian came eighth; we may never hear from him again.

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national mystery While most of the other national teams arrived with some extra wheels in case their bikes broke down and a coach or trainer in case the need did the Russians brought a staff of four a coach a masseur a mechanic and an interpreter While most of the other teams had a car traveling along with the race usually driven by a Canadian volunteer from Quebec the Russians had a car and a black Volkswagen truck The car was driven by a girl volunteer from Quebec Isha was the daughter of the Tour's main sponsor) and carried the interpreter and some luggage. The truck was driven by arthur the mechanic or the masseur (no one could tell which was which) and carried spare bicycles. In mid-tour, front and—nine times out of ten from the way their Slavic faces peered out from behind the windshield—substantial guys

The four Russian racers seemed likable enough in person, but kept themselves rather aloof In Thetford Mines, Petrov won the evening's closed circuit of twenty miles, and the Tour's manager Yvon Gouillou who was overwrought anyway (his wife was having a baby) and must have seen newsreel shots of what Khrushchov does to Russian cosmonauts in Red Square, rushed to embrace him for the cameras Gouillou a jolly man who is getting rolypoly reached up to clutch the handsome Petrov (unwillingly) knocked left cheek right Gouillou missed with his swing tried for a hair-ruffle and one-arm grab missed again and made a little speech instead Petrov stoically accepted his *maillot jaune*—as he was to do after seven of the sixteen laps—and walked stony-faced through the crowd

The Russians who were like so many amateur athletes from their nation's army officers, were the only national team that brought their own masseur But everyone else could have used one After each day's race the main streets of towns like Cornwall and Drummondville often resembled outdoor massage parlors, with riders getting rubdowns from their trainers or team mates. Their next greatest need seemed to be for moisture. Some of it of course—beer or coke—they poured down their throats at an alarming rate And some — water — they doused each other's heads and necks with Yet considering the gut-tugging effort of their hundred mile laps, they did not seem exceptionally exhausted Sometimes they'd lie down on the nearest grass for a while but often after checking in with officials they'd get right back on their bikes and ride over to the hotel where they were billeted for the day There like performers at too many sports they'd do a little lobby-sitting and discuss the strategy of the day's race

Russia's squeeze play

At each strategy as there is in bicycle racing—a sport that mostly consists of pedaling as hard as you can for as long as you can—the Russians were, again the best. In the long, interurban hauls, the racers would start off as a pack and might stay that way with the road kept clear ahead of them by a couple of motorcycle policemen for as much as twenty miles. Usually when they did begin to get sorted out they would break down into smaller packs, with perhaps six people letting the pace then a mile back twenty riders, then half a mile and ten more and so on back to individual stragglers who'd had something go wrong with their bikes or who had fallen What the Russians appeared to have planned and what they did successfully was to send at least one of their number up with the leaders all the time And whether the pack in front was made up of two men or thirty one of them was always a Russian As each lap came down to its last miles another one or two of the Russians might move up to challenge (They won ten of the sixteen laps altogether) but their system was based on never letting a non Russian get very far away from their front man

The Russians rode as a team in the shorter closed circuit laps too. It was difficult to pass two Russians at once on the outside and almost impossible to get between them They also used the same system their compatriots were charged with using in the recent chess tournament at Curacao — a system of deciding among themselves which of them would win the title Sinau Petrov won a couple of early laps and was ahead of everyone else early they apparently decided that the whole team would work for his victory, even if it hurt their individual titles In the fourteenth lap a closed circuit around a harness racing track at Three Rivers, there were four men neck and neck for the lead in the last time round Three of them were Russians including Petrov and the fourth was Adolf Christian an Austrian and the man who eventually came second In the last few hundred yards Petrov's team mates began to ease back, squeezing Christian between them and Petrov pulled away to win by fifty feet

For all the strategy and for the distance the laps covered it was often surprising how closely fought the races were In one lap of more than a hundred miles the first twenty three riders were all clocked within ten seconds The made for a very dramatic finish with the land changing three or four times in the last few hundred yards alone In fact, a couple of newspapermen standing directly on the finish line thought the finish was so dramatic that the wrong man won the *maillot jaune* About ten yards from the overhead banner and white tape across the road that marked the end a native of the Argentine riding under the colors of the Abruzzi Cycle Club of Toronto, burst into the front his wheels diamatar Immediately he raised his arm in a gesture of victory This caught the fancy of the crowd but also—at least as the two newspapermen saw it — allowed another rider an American (the Russians were third and fourth) to slip past him just before the line But there was no ructions made and the Argentina got to wear the yellow sweater that evening

This weekend points up one factor of bike-racing that makes it as a spectator sport a peculiarity in Canada no one except the riders really seemed to care who won In one town Thetford Mines, officials in a sports car took the riders around the closed circuit route in slow time so they'd know where they were going This made for something of a flying start, and on the approach to it the riders let a boy from Thetford Mines take the lead (earning one of the low occasions on the whole Tour when the hometown fans could cheer for a local hero But the people who walked to the front yards of their farm houses or came out of village stores along the way saw only a parade of trucks with signs and then some men in colored jerseys riding by like the very dull and even though there were a few villages that put up five or ten dollars for the rider who went fastest in their boundaries, they really couldn't tell for whom they ought to be cheering

To the untutored which most Canadians remain even after nine years of the Tour, bike racing still seems a queer sport One young Montrealer named Jacques Lepage whom people around the Tour call "the future Maurice Richard of bike-racing, and who placed fourteenth in this year's race (the top Canadian was Ian Mahon of Vancouver who came twelfth), may become something of a hero but by and large there is neither glory nor money to be won here And there is something that is only forlorn about the spectacle of grown men pushing their bicycles through mile after backbreaking mile pumping their distorted thigh muscles up and down, up and down cramming their jaws full of bananas dodging cars and running sweat

Still in the nine years since Gouillou a Breton who brought road-racing to Canada to help promote his Quebec City bicycle store started the Tour the race has got longer in time and distance It draws more riders from more nations and even increases its prize money every year And the racers, that strange breed seem to enjoy it ★

PARADE

Saa Ula

A Good Samaritan type was driving along a lonely road outside Winnipeg when he saw a car parked on the shoulder and the figure of a man hunched over in the back seat Bask-



ing up he called with concern "You all right" But after a startled look the fellow in the parked car held up the saxophone he'd been concentrating on and explained, "I live in an apartment building.

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FOR THE SAKE OF ARGUMENT

Continued from page 22

"All those dignified, honorable men were lying in their teeth"

The suffering began a few days after the voting, when we discovered that what we all had secretly or publicly believed — that all those dignified honorable men were lying in their teeth — was true. It was a harsh moment.

Democracy, it could be argued, can stand only so much cynicism. The classic theory of democracy is that all opinions are stated and the best opinion prevails. But this theory presupposes that these opinions are stated honestly. It makes no allowance for the possibility that the best men of the country will lie to their fellow citizens.

There is some point in the history of a democracy, at which most of the people begin to believe that the whole thing is a fraud. This is the point at which the system ceases to be a democracy and becomes instead a kind of mob rule, with plebiscites held now and then to determine who will be the mob's leader.

Unfortunately for the politicians, we are not yet one mob or one nation. The election proved that we are, if possible, less a nation than we ever were. We have no national political party and no national issues. We are a collection; if the election results can be believed, of half a dozen nations, each voting its own way in the hope of bettering its own circumstances.

In this regard the summer's greatest shock came from Real Caouette, the deputy leader of the Social Credit Party. Caouette, who is now to lead the representatives of a few hundred thousand Canadians in parliament, announced in Vancouver on August 6 that he didn't feel Canada was worth fighting for. This announcement was not shocking in itself. Perhaps lots of people feel that way. The shock was in the fact that a major politician (he is that, for this year at least) felt that he could say such a thing without doing serious harm to his own position.

And as it turned out, he could. No one rioted, no one tried to assassinate him, no one even threw an egg at him. His constituents did not rise in a body to denounce him, nor did the members of his party. The newspapers said they disagreed with him, and some people wrote letters to the editor. Beyond that, Canadian patriotism was dead last month.

And why not? We lacked the pride and idealism on which an answer might have been based. I can imagine a speaker rising to reply to Caouette. He begins: "You're wrong! This is a great country. Why we lead the world in ... What we have accomplished ... Why, without us there'd be no ... Why we have shown we're the best at ..."

At what? At selling wheat and iron ore to other countries we are unknelled and for this skill we have been rewarded with prosperity of a kind. At writing tariff laws to make American companies build local assembly plants we have no peers and as a result many of us are working. — although many of us are not working at those things which produce the honest kind of patriotism which calls on the natural generosity of the human spirit; we are not skilled. So Real Caouette went unanswered.

The argument here is that this spiritual sickness can be cured. Canada, I think, suffers from a lack of specific purpose. There is a sense in which Canada is a great, wide suburbia from sea to sea in which the residents wish nothing more for themselves than security and peace of mind. But what applies in the life of the individual also applies in the life of a country: if all you want is riches for riches' sake, then such riches will elude your grasp; if all you want is mental health, then such a reason will be a frail gain. The people of Canada must somehow find some reason to engage themselves in the world's scene, reason beyond self-interest.

But what purpose has Canada? We might in the defense of freedom find our assistance appreciated, but we know in our hearts that if we withdrew from NATO, the alliance would still fulfill its purpose. Our defense objectives have this in common with all other objectives in the world: they are the corollaries of other nations' ideals and ambitions. They are not our own national responsibilities.

Though they might find this difficult to believe, Americans are fortunate to have had their world responsibilities thrust upon them. If Canada is to have similar responsibilities, it must seek them out; it must find its own problems and the means to solve them. An approach like this is immediately available, on the grounds that it's artificial. But everything about Canada is artificial, as we never tire of pointing out; we are an unlikely, almost an impossible country. Economics, geography and history were always against us, yet we managed to maintain at least a political unity, if not a nation.

What we need now is a purpose in the world which meets these conditions: it must be of benefit to others, so that it will touch the vein of altruism which runs through the human spirit. It must be within an area in which we can operate effectively, perhaps gloriously, so that it will produce that national pride which we now so specifically lack. It must accord with our natural and honest self-interest. And it must be modest in proportion to our abilities.

My suggestion is that Canada should choose for itself a single area of operation and strike, nonchalantly with all its energy, for world leadership in that area. The greatest problem of the next fifty years, beyond doubt, is the development of the poor countries which cover the southern half of the globe, and our resources should be directed toward that development.

In what might, we can help the Africans and Asians and Latin Americans is a question to which our best minds should address themselves. A couple of interesting possibilities are worth mentioning.

Canada, a nation with great agricultural experience, could devote its efforts to solving the world's agricultural problems. We could bend our scientific research in that direction, bring thousands of Asians and Africans to Canada to study agriculture, and set up Canadian institutes in the poor countries to teach agricultural principles.

Or we could move in an entirely different direction, toward another great Canadian specialty, communications. Trans-Arctic roads, radio and television have been central forces in the development of Canada; we have had to learn how to span vast distances quickly and cheaply. The new nations must learn the same lessons. In Ghana, road building, as a

PARADE

Men on a buoy's job

We don't hear enough about the job the Navy does for us in peacetime and it's men to know that it is not only protecting our navigable waters but keeping a close watch on public property. The evidence is an ad in the Halifax Mail-Star last week by a tug offering a $50 reward for information leading to the recovery of a 4-compartment test buoy which disappeared from the water off HMCS Shearwater sometime since 1957.

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crucial problem in Latin America railroads are badly needed Perhaps in this one field — if our efforts were concentrated refined and carefully planned — Canada could make a contribution which would seriously affect the future shape of the world

This is not to say that we have entirely ignored foreign aid in the past But the help we have given to the poor countries though doubtless important and useful to them has not been important enough to us It has failed to catch the imagination of the Canadian people and as a result has not become a source of pride It is we who have to be inspired by concrete and understandable programs

Either of the ideas I've suggested, if executed boldly and energetically could eventually produce the sense of accomplishment we need Today Americans, for all their troubles can feel just this sense of accomplishment They know that France for instance is much better off now than it would have been without American help in the 1940s An American knows that because he paid high taxes in 1948 Europe is more prosperous and more stable and therefore a better place to live than it would have been had he and other Americans not paid such high taxes

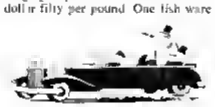
What if half a century from now the world were able to acknowledge that agriculture everywhere in the southern half of the globe is pursued more efficiently land therefore people had more to eat because Canadians back in the 1960s and 1970s were willing to pay more taxes and devote more time to thinking about the problems of others? What if our children were able to say (as the children of contemporary Americans will be able to say) that their parents changed the world for the better and by doing so left them a better country to live in

One of these ideas or some similar idea could also serve our self-interest by leading us toward those new trading partners our economy needs now and will need much more in the future But their real value would rise above economics They would link us with the great movements of our time and just possibly make a nation of us ★

PARADE

Mackerelmonger

Even in New Brunswick the price of salmon has been fearful this year ranging anywhere from a dollar to a dollar fifty per pound One fish ware



house on Saint John's Main Street never advertises such prices any more although it isn't out to kid the customers

All its billboard has said lately is Salmon for the rich Mackerel 10 cents each

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BARNYARD PHILOSOPHER

Continued from page 16

The weaknesses of Pere Gedeon wine, women and court action

his exception a *belle creature* (Il le bon Dieu created anything better Gedeon likes to say He's keeping them for Himself) Gedeon also likes whisky *bien* and lawyers At least once a year he's involved in a court case, preferably over a petty land dispute He teases but never offends the cure He was probably the first French Canadian over sixty five to dance to rock n roll music and though he hasn't done it publicly yet he can certainly do The Twist because as Tussier says Pere Gedeon can do anything and go anywhere

He's been to the Vatican to see the pope about a Ploaffe nephew Brother Alexandre a Dominican priest who should have been made a bishop but wasn't He's been to Paris and the Folies Bergeres where he was overjoyed to see so many *femmes* in one place but puzzled to find everybody spoke such poor French He's even been to Toronto and the Royal York Hotel where he was puzzled to find nobody spoke any French at all

The French that Gedeon speaks is a gallural patois marked by throat clearing "h's" where they don't belong usually at the beginning of words It's a throwback to the language of the Normandy families who first settled the Beauce district Nowadays all French Canadians enjoy hearing it mumbled well and nobody mumbles it better than Doris Tussier

Tussier's country has been called the closest thing in Canada to the kind of hillbilly patch Al Capp satirizes in L'il Abner It's flanked by Maine on the east and the Eastern Townships on the west Split by the Chaudiere River it is scraggy somewhat desolate beaded with lakes, ruddy beautiful The Beauce has always been cut off from the settlements along the St Lawrence and from the main stream of Quebec's commerce By horse or foot Quebec city was days away and at the best of times swampland barred the route But the distance land was good and the people of the Beauce didn't go to the capital any more than they had to

Beauce people developed their own local beliefs no dancing—or the devil wearing gloves to hide the fire in his hands would come and take away the town coquette They had their own ghosts who were seen as flashing lights beside tombstones and usually limited their appearance for the benefit of a drunk driving home in his buggy Only two years ago Beauce villagers will tell you a squirrel possessed by a dead man's spirit led the mean's nephew to a hollow tree on his land where the boy found $3,000 stuffed in a jam pot Most Beauce towns still have a fortuneteller

In this backwoods valley Tussier says the people have learned for themselves how to enjoy life They drink heavily—it may be the heaviest drinking part of Quebec The Beauce is probably the best maple syrup district in Canada and undoubtedly has the best sugaring off parties Families there are big even by Quebec's standards Pere Gedeon's family of thirteen is not uncommonly large and Tussier himself is one of eleven brothers sisters half brothers and half sisters

Tussier as Tussier (not Gedeon) is no longer recognizable as a barefoot boy from the hills His conversation suggests the academic He he left behind at Laval and something about the way he uses his hands hints at life in the theatre He is tall sandy hair ed long legged athletic looking (In his university days he played practice tennis with Pancho Gonzales Bobby Riggs and Pancho Segura when they came to Quebec City for Davis Cup competition) His manners are courtly polished even suave but when he laughs he laughs loudly like a true man of the Beauce With his wife whom he met in the Beauce when they were both eight and their two boys he lives in a bungalow on St Denis Street on Montreal island

Many of Tussier's followers are astounded by his own history as they are by Pere Gedeon's intricate adventures They wonder what happened to the university career he sacrificed to Gedeon when he was thirty five and whether he'll ever go back to it

Tussier's father was a copper miner who died of cancer when Doris was three The boy lived with relatives and for six summers during his teens he worked in the bush to earn enough to put himself through Quebec Semi

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nary. It was from the farmers and lumbermen he met in those summers that he learned much of the ribaldry he would later use to flesh out Père Gédéon's monologues.

At Laval University Lussier paid his own way, working as a librarian and faculty waiter. For twelve years he was private secretary to Father Georges-Henri Lévasque, Laval's former dean of social sciences. "a man to whom I owe everything—the greatest influence of my life." Lussier became a member of a bright-eyed group of intellectuals that revolved around the dean. René Lévesque, now Quebec's resources minister, was another. So was Jean Marchand, now president of the Confederation of National Syndicates, and Eugene Bussière, secretary of the Quebec Arts Council, and Maurice Lamontagne, Liberal party economist. Lussier graduated with a BA, then earned a master's degree in social sciences and joined Laval's staff as professor of the philosophy of economics. He seemed to be well on the way to a distinguished academic career. Then he quit.

His decision came as a surprise to many of the people who knew Lussier at Laval. Others say he had always been an actor. No one had ever had to coax him to slip into one of his Beauce country monologues. He was known as a reliable entertainer at parties and by the early fifties he was playing an old Beauce farmer on Quebec City's first television show, Le Monde Vu de la Terrasse. He would chat with a newspaperman about the world passing below the terrace. Jacques Normand, probably Quebec's top straight comedian, knew Lussier in those days and says the professor was brilliant from the moment he tried the Beauce dialect on television. The farmer, Normand says, was "a Doris composition, made by his own hands out of Beauce clay. He is really a caricature of the people. I like Lussier now, but he loves him."

In 1954 Lussier recalls, he was at Roger Lemelin's house when Lemelin said, "Why don't you stop that show and come and play on my program? You're losing money."

Lemelin's program, of course, was the television soap opera, the Plouffe family, easily the most popular show in French network history and pretty popular in its English translation too. Lussier agreed and Lemelin quickly wrote a family uncle into the Plouffe family script and named him Père Gédéon. After one winter of traveling between his duties to the Plouffes in Montreal and to Laval in Quebec City, Lussier talked over his future with Father Lévesque and Maurice Lamontagne. They advised that his future lay with Père Gédéon and in the fall he packed up his family, crated his books and moved to Montreal.

Regarding his decision to quit the academic career he had worked so hard to achieve, Lussier says gently, "It's my own damn business." There's little doubt that he enjoyed life at Laval; there's no doubt he enjoys playing the amiable sage of the Plouffes. Lussier still has his university books and he tries to keep up with events in his old field, but a collection of dictionaries, books of quotations and works by modern Amer-

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A profile of the most exposed TV personality in Canada **By Sidney Katz**



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can homerists is slowly shouldering aside the university quarterbacks. He has three files of notes for monologue ideas.

"He'll never go back to teaching," says Lemelin. "Denis is a born actor."

Two years ago the University of Montreal asked Lussier to give a course in economics. He refused. Not even without teaching and even in fact without Père Gédéon Lussier has careers on his mind. He sounds like Gédéon boasting about a cow when he describes his tavern in Montreal — "the most beautiful tavern of Canada." He knows of no other tavern where people make reservations for tables. He calls it Chez Père Gédéon. The tavern is strictly a drinking place. It has no restaurant and no show, though occasionally Lussier appears there as Gédéon.

Finally, the accidental creator of Quebec's most perfect politician harbors a few political ambitions of his own. He worked in the last provincial election for Liberal candidate René Lévesque who was elected and in the federal election for Maurice Lamontagne, who was not. He is a member of the Quebec Liberals political commission. He says he is tempted to run himself and that fairly soon, like so many of the temptations that assail Père Gedeon, this one may prove too strong for him.

But whatever he ends up doing, Lussier says: "I only hope I feel like the old man feels when I reach his age. ★

Père Gédéon: family man and intellectual



On the town *Denis Lussier treats his wife to a night out with Père Gédéon*



Back home *Make up removed, Lussier holds forth on a favorite topic—politics*





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CAN THEY RUN CANADA BETTER?

continued from page 15

Firing Fleming may have pleased some voters—but not Bay Street

in the language since sportswriters coined it a few years ago to describe a pair of football players. Nowlan is Mr. Outside. McCutcheon is Mr. Inside.

If the government these men are to speak for lasts a month after the opening of Parliament on September 27—it could last a year or more—the decisions they make and the way they go about trying to make them stick will have something to do with whether all of us get a little richer or a little poorer. This is reason enough to be curious about how Nowlan and McCutcheon have handled power in the past and how they came into the broader power they have now. There is a further reason, less important but more intriguing. Ottawa has always tended to dehumanize politics. The rumble of a pipeline debate only rarely interrupts the moonstone of one prime minister after the next reporting decisions made at his order by obedient cabinets or council. With Diefenbaker, Nowlan and McCutcheon we now have something closer to the contradictory mix of character and purpose that frequently raises the legislative dust of less hidebound capitals. Maybe it can happen here.

JOHN DIEFENBAKER stepped out of character in appointing both Nowlan and McCutcheon. Much of the prime minister's success and the polls has been due to his cultivation of the notion that he is the little man's champion against the moneyed interests. As long ago as 1953 he said in a public speech that businessmen found guilty of outlawfully combining to restrain competition are let off too lightly with fines: they should be jailed. The first telegram that reached him in Ottawa after he won the party leadership read CONGRATULATIONS AND SIEG IN THE EYE OF BAY STREET.

Well, everything changes. In 1962 it is a far more urgent matter for the prime minister to salve the eye of Bay Street than it ever was to wish mud in it. Investment dealers and businessmen in all parts of the country are angry and upset by the flight of capital from Canada and the emergency measures that followed. Most of them are probably in no mood to finance a Conservative campaign. I have recently spoken to several who voted Tory in the last election and intend to fight the Tories in the next.

Firing Donald Fleming was a peace offering to voters who know little about money or talk, but it did nothing to endear the prime minister to Bay Street. Most professional investors, a less sophisticated voters appeal to believe, that Fleming stood as staunchly as he could against the huge government deficits run up during his ministry, but that he was overruled consistently by the prime minister.

I like Fleming, one of Canada's largest dealers in investments said a few weeks after the latest finance



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minister than fired. So do most of my friends. The prime minister may be surprised to learn that the same men do not invariably like the ambassador in Bay Street he appointed to replace Fleming. To be sure, they do admire and respect him. If the best minds on Bay Street have a fault to find with McCutcheon, as many of them do, it is that he is a little *too* good at their game.

Malcolm Wallace McCutcheon at fifty-six is a gray-haired but ruddy-faced man of middle height. The dark double-breasted suit he wears to half-help give him a portly and commanding cut. (Since the early Fifties my man in a double-breasted suit can be anticipated to belong to one of two classes. He is either an indigent clothed by William Jeanes, or one of the hundred richest men in the country. A man in a single-breasted suit could be anybody.) To return to Wallace McCutcheon: he is a member of the class of '21 at Trinity College, Oxford. Hull, 38, in January a QC and CBE, a member of the United Church of Canada and of ten of the most exclusive clubs in five Canadian cities, is well on the most exclusive club in Nassau, which may be a record. He is a millionaire possibly several times over. His twenty-room house in mid-Toronto has two pianos in the living room and he likes to "shake up his lines" in his wife's words, by pickering a tractor on a hobby farm" he owns at Gormley, Ont. He has a compulsive sense of order that makes him take a brief case home every night whether he has anything to put in it or not.

As a World War II dollar-a-year man, on loan from the National Life Insurance Company, McCutcheon had dealings with another dollar-a-year man, Edward Plunket Taylor, on loan from himself. When Taylor formed the Argus Corporation in 1945 he minded McCutcheon, a niece president and the managing director.

Argus is a holding company. It owns nothing but shares in other companies and gets its income from the dividends they pay. But Argus is a holding company of a highly specialized kind. It holds only large blocks of shares in companies it can therefore dominate by seating Argus executives on their boards of directors. This year Argus holds between ten and twenty percent of the stock in six large corporations and almost half the stock in a seventh smaller one. Until his call to the Senate and the cabinet McCutcheon sat on all seven boards. (A list of the twenty-seven primary directorships McCutcheon held until August, too unwieldy to include here, appears in a box on this page. It is incomplete since he has not would have had to search his files to identify all the subsidiaries some in the U.K. and the U.S. of which he was a director *ex officio*.)

Four men (The Four Horsemen, hard-writing financial page reporters like to call them) before McCutcheon's resignation: Ian Argus Taylor and McCutcheon, W. Eric Phillips and John A. McDougald. Among themselves they are reported to own between thirty and forty percent of the stock in Argus with several thousand investors holding the rest. They are probably the only four men who could define with precision the role of each in operating their company. But the description of McCutcheon as Taylor's "right hand man" applied to him after his appointment by John Diefenbaker and George Hees is inaccurate if it suggests that McCutcheon's job was to take orders. "Wallie's peculiar genius was to make Eddie's schemes work"—a man who has attended board meetings with both of them said recently. "Is one more important than the other? Hell, one hardly exists without the other."

McCutcheon exercised his peculiar genius most particularly on Dominion Tar & Chemical Co. Ltd. When Argus bought into Dominion Tar in 1951 it was a tinsel-organized company selling about $25 million worth of building products a year. With McCutcheon installed on the executive committee the company had become by the end of last year one of Canada's ten largest industrial enterprises in 1961 it sold $325 million worth of pulp and paper, building materials and chemicals and earned a net profit of close to $19 million. This year Dominion Tar was one of the half-dozen Canadian firms on Fortune magazine's list of the 100 biggest industrial companies outside the U.S.

Not only alone McCutcheon made in assembling this rich giant was born now. Himself. The day he arrived in Montreal to make his first visit to the company's head office, according to the notes kept by a financial reporter who was there at the time, he fired a large number of the executives. To the display of this kind of toughness McCutcheon soon added a display of shrewdness.

McCutcheon and his associates controlled a great many companies in addition to Argus, among them a small investment company named Algoma. In the years leading up to 1955 Algoma bought 200,000 shares of a paper-making company named St. Lawrence Corporation. The price Algoma paid for the shares has not been disclosed, but the highest price *insiders* paid for St. Lawrence Corp. stock during the period was $78. In May 1955 Algoma sold its block of St. Lawrence stock to Argus for $75 a share, or $15 million. Argus later sold the shares to Dominion Tar, which thereby took control of St. Lawrence. Argus shareholders profited and Dominion Tar grew, but it is a fair statement that nobody profited more than McCutcheon and his associates. What ensued the difference was between the price at which they bought the stock through one of their companies and sold it to another of their companies the difference was a tax-free capital gain.

Some investors have raised their eyebrows" the Financial Post said at the time "... at the method whereby company directors make investments on their own behalf and turn the stock over to the company." Bay Street, the Post said, was buzzing with indictment discussion. McCutcheon's footwork—which was entirely legal and above-board but very, very fast—in this and other cases still rankles in many Bay Street boardrooms. "I don't think it was a proper way to operate," a prominent broker said recently. "It is the kind of thing that can hurt business.

McCutcheon's business came to no harm but it. In 1959 the long price of all the shares Argus owned in other companies was $26 million. McCutcheon and his associates made stock deals negotiated mergers reinvested profits raised capital bought machines and built plants—the companies they dominate have made capital investments of $800 million since the war. When they found fault with men or companies they got rid of them as they did when Jimmy Dunn failed to raise profits at Massey-Ferguson and Orange Crush failed to compete with Coca-Cola. In August 1962 the going price of the shares Argus owned in other companies was something like $130 million. The companies Argus dominates employ about 100,000 people and their assets are carried on their books at almost exactly one billion dollars. The recently resigned managing director of this extraordinary enterprise is no stranger to power.

Nothing in this classically competitive business history would lead you to suppose that some of McCutcheon's friends might affirm a dogmatic capitalist but such is the surprising case. A caption in the Toronto Star of Sept. 30, 1957, read "PRAISES CANADA'S DRIFT TOWARD WELFARE STATE." The account of a speech McCutcheon had made to the Canadian Club followed. Reciting the vast expansion of government and voluntary health and welfare programs, [McCutcheon] said: "You might expect me as a businessman to denounce the whole movement ... as a dangerous if not to say pernicious thing. On the contrary, I regard it not only as one of the greatest achievements of private enterprise and a modern industrial society. I consider it necessary to the continued existence of both."

McCutcheon at the time sat on the boards of almost as many welfare organizations as he did corporations. (A list of the charitable, social-agency and educational posts he resigned in August, again too unwieldy to include here, appears in a box below.) When the trustees of Toronto's United Appeal met to set a figure for the Appeal's second fund-raising drive, most of them agreed that the various welfare agencies were asking for several hundred thousand dollars more than the board could raise. McCutcheon stood out against all of the [majority] of the trustees recalls. "He swung the whole board behind him and we went after the full amount." They missed by less than a hundred thousand dollars.

About a year ago McCutcheon added to the list of agencies on whose behalf he was soliciting funds the National Progressive Conservative Association. From here McCutcheon took a long step when he resigned executive posts and directorships that are reported to have given him no income of more than a hundred thousand dollars a year—particularly since he took it in order to join a minority government that in a long gamble to survive six months in office. McCutcheon's own explanation is that he has recently fallen into the habit of making speeches calling on businessmen who don't like the way the government is running the country to get into politics where then can do something about it. "When the prime minister asked me to join the cabinet," he says, it was put up or shut up."

E. P. Taylor has suggested another explanation that takes into account not only McCutcheon's good will but the more conventional economic motivation of self-interest. "What's good for Canada is good for Argus," Taylor is reported to have said when he was first asked to comment on McCutcheon's move, and Wally McCutcheon is good for Canada. Taylor's paraphrase of Charlie (What's Good for General Motors is Good for America) Wilson is less laughable than the original. McCutcheon has made no bones of his intention to hold on to his Argus stock as long as it pays him to do so. (On this account there has been much talk of conflict of interest. In fact, though no legislation or established practice exists to govern share holdings by cabinet ministers. What is at issue here is a man's probity, and that is impossible to judge before the event. Suppose McCutcheon took his money out of Argus and put it into the most logical and least controversial place possible, government bonds. Suppose he were then to advocate policies that tended to support the bond market to the disadvantage of other forms of capital?)

Argus now straddles the Canadian economy so completely that Taylor's words are the premise from which. What's good for Canada—economic expansion—is bound to be good for Argus. What's good for Argus is good for Argus shareholder. Wallace McCutcheon. It remains only to be seen whether Wallace McCutcheon will turn out to be as good for Canada as E. P. Taylor expects him to be.

THE PRIME MINISTER stepped out of character a second time when he appointed George Nowlan to the finance ministry. In recent years few of the Tories who have opposed John Diefenbaker's ideas or undertakings have prospered in the service of the party.

Roll call of power

Wallace McCutcheon resigned these corporate offices and directorships in August 1962:

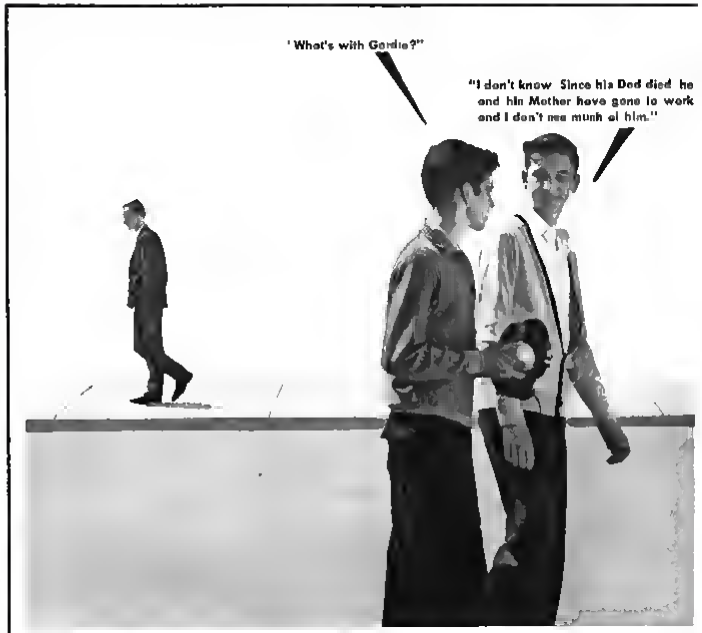
Argus Corporation Ltd., vice president and managing director
*British Columbia Forest Products Ltd., chairman of the board
*Canadian Breweries Ltd., vice chairman of the board
*Dominion Stores Ltd., director
*Dominion Tar and Chemical Co. Ltd., vice-chairman of the board
*Hollinger Consolidated Gold Mines, Ltd., director
*Massey-Ferguson Ltd., director
*Standard Radio, Ltd., director
Avco of Canada Ltd., director
Canadian Equity and Development Co. Ltd., vice-chairman of the board
Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce, director
CFRB Ltd., director
CJAD Ltd., director
Corling Brewing Co. Ltd., director
Dow Brewery Ltd., director
Glens Falls Insurance Co., director
Hinde and Dauch Ltd., director
Howard Smith Paper Mills Ltd., director
Labrador Mining and Exploration Co. Ltd., director
London and Midland General Insurance Co., director
Mellon Ltd., director
Montreal Trust Co., director
National Life Assurance Co. of Canada, chairman of the board
St. Lawrence Corporation Ltd., vice-chairman of the board
Taylor McDougald & Co., director
United Breweries, Ltd., director
Western Canada Breweries Ltd., director

*These seven companies dominated by Argus Corp. are known as "the Argus group."

Roll call of service

Wallace McCutcheon resigned these posts with charitable and service organizations in August 1962:

Ontario Cancer Institute, chairman
Princess Margaret Hospital, chairman
United Community Fund of Greater Toronto, member board of trustees
City of Toronto Redevelopment Advisory Council, member
Canadian Welfare Council, past president
Social Planning Council of Metropolitan Toronto, honorary chairman
Canadian Institute of Public Affairs, vice president
Canadian American Committee, member
Canadian Trade Committee, member executive committee



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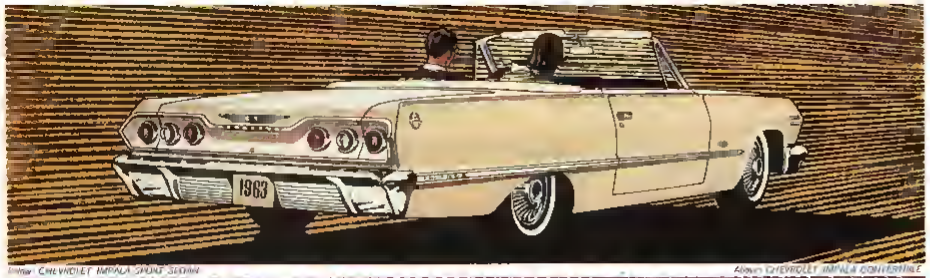
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[illegible] all Corvair options at slightly extra cost



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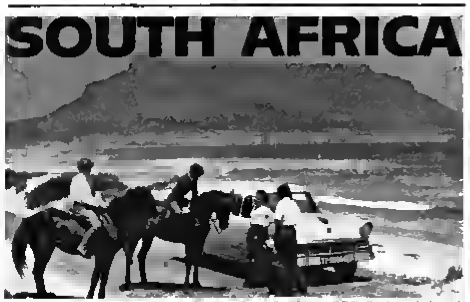
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He is a tough man to cross, and even though it is six years since George Nowlan found to gross him, this is regarded in Ottawa as little enough time for a marked man to regain the prime minister's confidence.

Nowlan was one of fourteen Conservatives who met in a room at the Chateau Laurier early in the fall of 1956 to launch what became known as the Stop Diefenbaker movement. They regarded Diefenbaker as a pinata radical whose personality would do the party no good. Diefenbaker won the party leadership at the subsequent convention with ease. But by then it was known that Nowlan as the Stop Diefenbaker group's delegate had urged the late Sidney Smith to make it true for the leadership.

Since Nowlan was and is the senior Tory from the Maritimes — he has been MP for Digby-Annapolis-Kings, N.S. since 1948 — he was automatically included in the first Diefenbaker cabinet in 1957. But the portfolio he won was National Revenue, tax-collecting is a thankless summon, and therefore almost anonymous, job. Nowlan stayed in it until this August.

A week after his appointment to the finance ministry Nowlan turned sixty-four. He is six-and-a-half feet tall and has the weathered look of a man who has spent his life hauling lobster pots on the Nova Scotia coast. Nowlan has never laid a glove on a lobster pot; he is a third-generation Tory politician who won his first election to the Nova Scotia Legislature, at twenty-six, not long after he graduated from Dalhousie Law School.

Nowlan practises the highly personal kind of politics in which every voter is the candidate's first name friend and potential benefactor. He won his seat in a by-election in 1948. Only two Nova Scotia Tories were successful in the 49 election. Nowlan was one of them. His majorities, running up to 5,000, are the largest recorded in the riding since confederation. The health of the Conservative Party in the Maritimes is generally acknowledged to be the result of Nowlan savvy, hard work and special pleading. George was responsible for prying a million dollars out of the government to help unemployed Nova Scotia coal miners when, logically, the government just didn't have a million dollars to spare — a civil servant who watched Nowlan's manoeuvre with astonishment says:

Inside the revenue department Nowlan for a long time made his assistants nervous by his habit of delivering even his longest reports to the House off the cuff. Ministers in this department aren't normally conspicuous for their eloquence, a department employee who has worked for several such ministers says. Nowlan amazed us." Nowlan isn't eloquent in any memorable sense, but he is fluent, interesting and often funny. Devoting the Liberals' acerbic spokesman Jack Pickersgill, Nowlan once said: "The honorable member for Bonavista-Twillingate, who is sometimes logical and always political, and has a habit of raising his voice higher the weaker his case, this time spoke more loudly than I have ever heard him before."

Pickersgill had raised his voice on the subject of the CBC. As revenue minister Nowlan had the extraordinary job of reporting to parliament on broadcasting, although when he got the job he had never owned a television set. In 1959 the CBC came under the heaviest attack it has endured since the Corporation was established in 1936. Conservative backbenchers accused Nowlan of mollycoddling the CBC and demanded that his stamp of political curbs on the Corporation. Most of the officials of the CBC's public affairs department resigned, charging that political curbs had already been clamped on their broadcasts. The Liberal front benches took up the charge and suggested that Nowlan himself was the leading culprit. The prime minister was heard to say more than once that the time had come to "clean up the mess" at the CBC.

Nowlan weathered several hundred thousand words of acrimonious commentary and frequently silly debate with composure his own statements were remarkably equable. The uproar in the House led to no conclusions whatever but inside the CBC and outside there is general agreement that Nowlan did a tough and honest job of shielding the Corporation from political pressure. Some people are inclined to put the case more strongly. "The CBC can get down on its hands and knees," a broadcasting official who was involved in the fight said recently, "and thank God it had a minister like George Nowlan."

Nowlan has shown the fibre to make and back up politically unpopular decisions at other times, as he did in 1960 when elected headlines in some Quebec dailies accused the Tories of investigating the account books of the clergy. So they were — an outburst of intrusion into Quebec's religious life. The tax collectors were looking for evidence that some citizens of Quebec are not above multiplying the size of their donations to religious orders several times before deducting them from their taxable income. Investigation of the same misdemeanor in other provinces had turned up proof right there in the clergy's books. Investigation turned up proof in Quebec. Nowlan stood behind his investigators although, for a while, it looked as though the Tories might lose votes in every parish in the province.

Politics, nevertheless, is Nowlan's profession and his true instinct is to catch votes. In this sense he is remarkably close to the prime minister, according to men who know them both well.

NOWLAN AND MACCUTCHEON met several times during the first week of their new ministries to get to know each other—they were strangers when they shook hands at the swearing in ceremony—and to discuss the state of the nation's finances. During the same week I spoke to them separately and found them both cautious about expressing any monetary views beyond the ones the prime minister had broadcast in announcing his "emergency program" to strengthen Canada's foreign exchange position. Nowlan did say he was confident that unemployment would be no worse this winter than it was last. Since DBS reported increases in unemployment during June and July, when jobless men usually have some chance of going back to work, the new finance minister's optimism is open to question. MacCutcheon said he believed any falling off in confidence in the Canadian dollar has been confined to foreign investors. Canadian businessmen, he said, have no reason to lack confidence, he rather the dollar or the government. A straw poll I took later among industrialists and investment dealers turned up one man who agreed with the new minister and eight who, with varying degrees of emphasis, did not. I learned of a bank director and a securities dealer who have recently moved large amounts of their own money out of Canada. They have both taken steps to protect the money against the Canadian government and when the order goes out to Canadians to bring bank funds they are holding outside the country.

MacCutcheon here seems to have shown himself to be a quick study in the kind of lines Nowlan learned long



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ngat to a politician to office the outlook is always good, since most electors have no wish to vote for hard times. McCutcheon would hardly have gone to Ottawa though if it were his intention merely to endorse policies already adopted by the prime minister. More than a year ago McCutcheon's close associate E. P. Taylor began campaigning for a new ministry of economics to attack "Canada's chronic problems of high unemployment and low rate of economic growth." Taylor said the new minister "must be not only a strong character but a successful well-informed practical man of good judgment who is prepared to form his own conclusions and then implement his recommendations no matter how unpopular they may be in some quarters."

Taylor might have been describing McCutcheon in all respects but one. McCutcheon agrees with Taylor's ends and means he said privately not long after he went to Ottawa, but he doesn't think there's any need to set up an entire new ministry to pursue them. The chief ends and means as Taylor set them out are these:

- Long-range planning of government outlays and economic policies;
- Tariff reduction and possibly some forms of "free trade," particularly between Canada and the U.S. and Canada and the Common Market countries;
- Tax reform, particularly the kind of tax reform that will encourage capitalists to make new outlays;
- Measures to "maintain a reasonably receptive climate for attracting foreign savings."

Tariff reduction is the boldest of these proposals. As for "free trade," the words are so appalling to voting Tories that they will probably never be spoken in the prime minister's presence) and the most controversial. It costs votes to cut tariffs, not only among a few manufacturers but among their many workers as well. As long as he was running Argus McCutcheon could afford to look at the possible advantages of cutting tariffs with equanimity: the Argus companies make products that don't particularly *need* tariff protection. Now in a Conservative cabinet he will hear other arguments.

A more urgent argument is apt to arise more quickly. Nowlan, McCutcheon and Dielenbaker are unanimous, for the time being, on the need to hold the government's deficit below half a billion dollars this year. President Kennedy who fears a rise in unemployment this winter has already said he will cut taxes in January in the hope the money will make new jobs. In the kind of economic slump that throws large numbers of men out of work, the Canadian cabinet would have to *raise* taxes to keep the deficit down. At precisely the same moment, the cabinet is more likely than not to be facing an election.

That is the moment when Wallace McCutcheon's instinct for running in the black will come up against George Nowlan's instinct for softening up the vote. At that moment, it will be interesting to see where that proven politician John Dielenbaker stands and how the order of power in Canada reads then. ★



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Two men are making whisky history in Canada's far west

A FRENCHMAN FROM ENGLAND AND A SCOTSMAN FROM MOOSE JAW HAVE GIVEN A DISTILLING WORD BRAND NEW MEANING

BATCHES *Remember that word. While many distillers are familiar with it the word has been given a brand new meaning by the two men who are bringing world wide attention to the little distillery in Calgary Alberta*

Like practically everything today whisky making is a big industry. Where small family distilleries stood today huge stainless steel complexes of valves and pipes and laboratories operate day and night, producing whisky in an almost automatic way.

Not so in the little distillery near the outskirts of Calgary Alberta. Here Ernie Fleury and Arch MacAlister make whisky in a way you might almost call old fashioned. But there's a world-demand for the whiskys they're producing.

When Ernie Fleury left his native Channel Islands as a boy and came to Canada, the vast oceans of grain on the prairie were a never-ending fascination for him. He learned all he could about planting, growing, harvesting wheat and rye, barley and corn.

The difference between Thatcher and Selkirk wheat, between Parkland, Compana and Vanguard barley, and whether to use Petkus, Dakold or Sangaste rye—this is a be-e to Ernie. As Alberta Distillers' grain buyer, he complements Arch MacAlister perfectly.

For Arch is the Master Distiller, the man whose technical skill and sensitive taste make sure the ADL whisky you buy is the finest that can be made. A Scot by heritage, Canadian by birth, his whisky-making experience is over a quarter-century old.

What do these two do that makes Alberta Distillers brands so wanted wherever people enjoy Canadian rye whisky?

Here is that word again—"batches".

Distilling in "batches" is as different from other whisky making techniques as is baking a cake from eggs, flour and milk and baking one from the ingredients in a box.

Batch" distilling is custom distilling. Here whisky is made in small quantities, and each "batch" is put into charred white oak barrels to mature. Each new batch must start right at the beginning with the finest grains, the clearest Rocky Mountain water, and old oak barrels.

Perhaps a housewife will appreciate this most because that's the way she cooks her meals, too. Not all at once for the entire week, but starts each day's meals afresh each day.

There is one thing about "batch" whisky-making that is distinctive. It is a costlier process, and so limits the quantity we produce. But it is the only way we can ensure the standard of quality we insist upon for our whisky brands. So, despite the world-wide market for these fine whiskys, our distillery remains quite small. Showing that it's difficult to be big and fine at the same time.

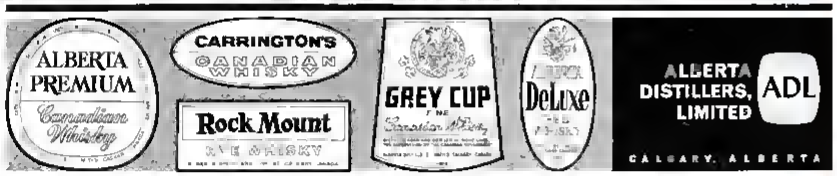
Ernie and Arch choose to be known as makers of *fine* whisky rather than as makers of the most whisky. You really should sample their products.











Canada's only whiskys distilled in the high, dry air of the Rockies

MACLEAN'S REVIEWS
CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE OCTOBER 6 1962



The new star that Stratford built—Martha Henry

The international phalanx of drama critics who covered this year's Stratford Shakespearean Festival agreed on only one thing: the find of the season was a winsome dark-eyed young woman named Martha Henry.

Mrs. Henry played the principal female role of Miranda in The Tempest and the smaller role of Lady Macduff in Macbeth. She did three walk-ons in Cyrano de Bergerac — as a précieuse, a scullery maid, and a nun. She was Toby Robins' understudy as Roxane in Cyrano and Kate Reid's as Kate in The Taming of the Shrew, in which she also filled in as an extra. She appeared onstage in every Stratford performance and in the afternoons she rehearsed constantly against the day when she might have to take over for Robins or Reid.

The fact that Mrs. Henry was a Stratford actress at all—much less the busiest one and the most promising—was surprising in itself. As a student who had taken only two years of the three-year course at the National Theatre School in Montreal, she should by rights have been in Stratford only as a student at the school's summer session. But last season Powys Thomas and Jean Gascon, the co-directors of the school, threw her out, in the nicest possible way, by allowing her to graduate after two years and telling her, in effect, that so far as they could tell she was now an actress. So in January she wrote to Stratford, and six weeks later the Festival hired her.

The National was Mrs. Henry's second drama school. As a Detroit teen-ager she studied drama at Carnegie Tech, did summer stock in Leamington, Ont., and went to Toronto after graduation in 1958. She played feature roles for a season at the Crest Theatre and began moving upwards on the ladder of CBC drama. But then she went back to school to the surprise of everyone who knew her. "I had to," she says. "In four years at Carnegie Tech I got all this Stanislavsky business, without knowing what any of it meant." The National was just what she wanted: a school that gave her the dramatic disciplines but let her do with them what she wanted. "That's exactly what I needed, and for the first time I began to know what I was doing."

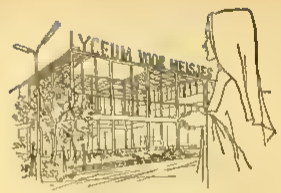
What the National Theatre School's first successful student will do next is still uncertain. She's turned down a chance to tour with the Canadian Players because it would mean a long separation from her husband. Donnelly Henry, who still has one more year at the school. "We'll go back to Montreal," she says, "and find what work we can, and be as poor as church mice."

For men who sell books, or publish them, the place to be this time of year is Frankfurt, where a vast international book fair, the biggest commercial event in the whole literary business, has been held annually since 1470. But until now Canadian books have never been shown at Frankfurt: mostly because no one in Canada has been interested enough to send them. This year the thousands of European, American and Asian booksmen at Frankfurt will get their first look at Canadian publishing, in a selection of 350 books and magazines put together and taken to Germany by H. E. Heinemann of Montreal.

Heinemann is a bookseller and antiquarian with a background that would fill an interesting book and probably will eventually. He's a German Protestant of Jewish origin who was forced to leave Germany in the 1930s and found refuge in China. In Shanghai he opened a bookstore, survived the Japanese occupation and after the war expanded his business to five stores. He specialized in supplying Chinese books to North America until the communist government accused him of spying. After spending fourteen months in prison he was released and admitted to Canada. With five dollars to his name, he founded the Mansfield Book Mart eight years ago and has flourished ever since. Universities know him as an authority on highbrow books, but he has scores of customers — many of them farmers reached through ads in rural publications—who depend on him for the out-of-print works of such as Ethel M. Dell, the writer of Victorian romances. (Heinemann claims he's handled more of her books than anyone else in the country.) Heinemann has an uncommon passion for Canadian books—like many New Canadians he can get much more excited about Canadian culture than most natives—and he's been dismayed by the fact that when he starts talking Canadian books in Europe, I find big, empty faces."

This led to the exhibit at Frankfurt, for which Heinemann obtained a Canada Council grant. The show includes everything from Karsh's Portraits of Greatness to Irving Layton's poems from Morley Callaghan's Stories to the Atlas of Canada which the Queen's Printer published from Canadian Art magazine in Maclean's. After Frankfurt the show goes on exhibit in Berlin and after that Heinemann will break it up and donate it to libraries in four different German cities, getting as much cultural diffusion mileage as possible out of the books he has. "It's a fine project," Heinemann says with satisfaction, "a fine, *big* project."

What happens to old world's fair buildings after the world's fair is over? Sadly, they usually get torn down. But the handsome modern building—designed by Charles Greenberg, of Ottawa—which housed Canada's exhibits at the 1958 Brussels World Fair has become permanently useful. The original contracts included provision for its demolition and sale as scrap after the fair, but a Belgian construction firm which had contracted to build a girls' school in northeast Belgium became interested in the building. They bought it, took it apart, and reassembled it at the town of Genk where — the interior rearranged to include such things as dormitories — it became the Lycée Notre Dame du Bonheur, a Roman Catholic convent high school for 450 girls. It looks just as it did at Brussels when it was widely praised as the most impressive exhibit Canada ever mounted. The people in the district recognize its origin and know the school informally as Le Canada, and the Mother Superior encourages the connection by occasionally flying the Canadian ensign on the school flagpole. Several schoolrooms are decorated with Canadian travel posters and the nuns have ordered French-language booklets about Canada from the Queen's Printer in Ottawa. For its part, the Canadian government has provided, through the embassy in Brussels, a 24-volume library of Canadiana and some pictures of the school as it looked in its moment of glory at Brussels.



Canada's 1958 pavilion finds a new purpose in life

This month the best artists of Canada's best artistic generation will penetrate into the American sentiment for the first time. On October 23 the J. B. Speed Art Museum at Louisville, Kentucky will open a comprehensive exhibition of works by 19 Canadian painters. They are mostly the usual stars of the current generation — Harold Town and Tony Urquhart, Rita Letendre and Graham Coughtry—but the exhibition has this great distinction: it's not an example of international culture promotion put together by our own cultural czars and diplomats. It's a purely American enterprise, organized and selected by Franklin Page, the director of the Speed Museum. It emphasizes the artists who came to maturity during the 1950s.

THIS FORTNIGHT



ROBERT FULFORD

You, too, can be a problem

"IT ALMOST SEEMS that we women have become a major problem for the nation," an American sociologist said recently. Indeed it does, and not just for the American nation. If my judgment is correct, and it rarely fails me, then women are the *In* problem this season and may well dominate our thoughts for several years to come. Their turn on the cycle has come up, again, and if you are not prepared to hear a great deal about their troubles



The Weed planning day at WITCH underground GHQ

you had better move to China or get earplugs, or stop reading

Television shows run in cycles (gunfights are going out, appendectomies are in) Novels run in cycles (fat ones are in thin ones are out) So do problems There may have been a time long ago when problems just hung around and you could choose which one you wanted to worry about. Not now Now we like to take one issue or a time elevate it to the rank of problem and worry it to death

It is my belief that the problem mongers of the world — sociologists, social workers adult educators, writers — are all secretly controlled by some vast underground Problem Centre The directors of the Problem Centre decide, arbitrarily what problems we are all to talk about at any moment When an old problem is exhausted or has failed to yield as much material for conversation as the directors had expected it is withdrawn and a fresh one is sent in. Some problems last for decades (communism) while others stay around for only a few months Last year's big problem was fallout shelters, but it proved to be a flash in the pan everybody talked about fallout shelters nobody did anything and finally the problem went away

QUICK, SEND UP A PROBLEM

Among the problem-mongers, alcoholism was big back there in the 1940s. Then juvenile delinquency was very large then suburban neuroses took over Now the suburbs are boring even to the people who write about them and narcotics addiction — some of its pit mirabets on that one as a comer — turned out to lack staying power

It is obvious, of course that problems are essential to the continuation of our society Without problems you can't have conferences, reports commissions or magazine articles. Conferences especially are useful I've been going to a lot of them lately and in fact am turning into a sort of expert on conferences When you go to them you meet people you would never see otherwise — mind you it is always the *same* people — and you discuss problems

One of the really nice things about problems is that they perpetuate themselves. Thus a sanitation problem in Egypt when solved, is replaced by an overpopulation problem, If the overpopulation problem is solved then a labor shortage results and another conference can be held

In this respect the problems of women is ideal With women, lack of freedom used to be a problem and so they chained themselves to gateposts and won the vote When they got it the problem became what to do with it? This still obsesses women's magazines The freedom to work is another women's problem that endlessly recreates itself when women can't go out to work they are slaves of their husbands when they can the children may (or may not — that's something to discuss) suffer so this, too is a problem

In September the CBC conspiring with the Canadian Association for Adult Education, staged a conference in Toronto (bits of it were broadcast on TV and radio) under the title The Real World of Woman The title itself was a spoof You know that the problem mongers are moving up they big guns when they begin using the word "real" "This is a real problem" they say and it can mean homosexuality, Castro tragedy or the Nigerian teacher shortage There is no such thing as an *unreal* problem and reality is the keynote of all problem-conferences At The Real World of Woman someone said "If she's a real person

What is a real person?

But the CBC's conference was only part of a larger trend which began in the United States Last winter the Purex Specials for Woman on American TV were documentaries for and about women and though they dealt with various subproblems, like The Single Girl they had one overriding message you, too can be a problem So diverse were their subjects that almost any female viewer could identify herself with something It is a problem to be single, but it is also a problem to be married

KENNEDY AND THE STATUS QUESTION

Women as a problem are also growing in stature in the literary world Sex and the Single Girl has been a best-seller on the respectable hard-cover lists for months, though as reading matter it doesn't compare in liveliness with the estimates of the Department of Fisheries On disreputable best seller lists — those maintained privately by the 35-cent paperback publishers — the big items this year are novels about Lesbians Even President Kennedy has recognized the problem last spring he appointed a commission to investigate the status of women through one thing about the status of women that bothers some women is that none of them has so far achieved the status of cabinet member in the Kennedy administration. That, too is a problem and Eleanor Roosevelt is already worrying about it

The women at The Real World of Woman talked as problem mongers always do, in problem-ese, a special language used only for facing up to problems They kept saying that a lot of married women "have joined the labor force," which means they've got jobs ("Darling I want to go out and join the labor force." "You want to *what*?") Mostly the delegates talked about attitudes, which is what problem mongers most enjoy talking about.

Dr Mirra Komarovsky the American professor of sociology I mentioned above singled out an attitude she called "neo-anti-feminist," a new term to me and a welcome one (another nice thing about conferences is that you pick up words with which to delight and astound your non-conference-going friends) Neo-anti-feminists hold, Dr Komarovsky said, that modern women have become restless and neurotic and therefore very aggressive and as a result men have become passive this has produced sexual ambiguity, a phrase which entered our language some years ago but is still a favorite at problem conferences Some men — the neo-anti feminists — blame women for this development but they are wrong to do so, Dr Komarovsky said. Actually it's a problem of transition

I heard several of the broadcast chunks of The Real World of Woman, but none of the other delegates even approached Dr Komarovsky's skill as a problem-manipulator She laid out the problem, worried it for a few minutes denied the validity of someone's argument, supported someone else's, and delivered the *coup de grâce*. All these issues, she said finally would be solved by *"shifts in public attitudes and imaginative solutions to public problems."* It was the kind of phrase that problem-connoisseurs like me, will remember at least until the next conference.

TELEVISION

U for Unique: long live the CBC's Quest

ON OCTOBER 14 the CBC's most remarkable television program Quest, will be back at its old tricks stirring up trouble and good television Quest will open its new season with The Trial of Lady Chatterley, a dramatization of the Old Bailey proceedings that lifted the ban on D H Lawrence's novel in England On following Sunday nights through this fall and winter Quest will offer

☞ Detroit Storyville, a sensuous jazz ballet.

☞ A documentary on the hedonistic world of Playboy magazine and its publisher

☞ A debate between some Negro and some white jazz musicians about the new Negro militancy

☞ A story about what happened to Oscar Wilde after his trial and his jail term

The more you think about it the more unlikely it seems that a program like Quest should exist at all Where else on Canadian or American television can you see the works of Henry Miller and Jack Kerouac of avant-garde European playwrights like Arrabal and American satirists like Jules Feiffer? Where else indeed can you see jazz presented honestly and not as a vaudeville turn?

These were only a few of the pleasures Quest offered last season And they were presented as entertainment, not as the sugar-coated pills of adult education that television gives us so often Even a Quest failure—the episode from Jack Kerouac's novel, On the Road didn't dramatize well—usually has more punch than the slickest spectacular on Festival or Hallmark Hall of Fame.

What seems even more surprising is that so few squawks have come from our puritans over Quest's consistently unconventional attitudes and themes Last season there was only one publicized beef an Alberta MP fussed in the Commons about the seduction scene in the Feiffer play Crawling Arnold Nobody paid much attention not even the CBC executives The fact that Quest plays opposite CBS What's My Line? in cities that see American TV may explain why it gets away with so much Quest fans don't complain and those who don't like Quest are watching Dorothy Kilgallen and Bennett Cerf play log games

To my mind only three American programs —The Seven Lively Arts, Omnibus, and Camera Three—have been in Quest's class. But the first two are defunct and Camera Three is senile That leaves Quest the only program of its kind on the continent that consistently presents shows that question the accepted values of North American society

The man behind Quest is Daryl Duke the executive producer who at 32 is already a veteran director producer of TV documentaries and dramas. His main collaborators are directors Harvey Hart, George McCowan and Mario Prizek and writer Norman Klenman whose credits as a group range all the way from variety and panel shows to both the CBC and Stratford Festivals But Quest mainly expresses Duke's personality Quest does jazz regularly he says because it is one of my interests and because I feel that it shouldn't be presented as merely something cosy and comfortable Jazz is abandon joy and despair."

THE CBC'S BRAVE SIDE

A Quest program already prepared for the 1962 63 season. Detroit Storyville. illustrates Duke's point When I saw the tape (it will be shown on TV Oct 21) I found that its vigor and earthiness made Jerome Robbins' popular jazz ballets look like secondhand merchandise The story evokes the early days of jazz in New Orleans so the main setting is a lush Storyville bordello To wittily nostalgic music the young mostly Negro dancers from New York strut so freely that I felt dragged into the action Some of the dancing including an expressive striptease sequence is disturbingly erotic This is not a program to switch on when a maiden aunt is visiting

Quest comes up with provocative surprises like these almost every Sunday night What makes this especially soul-satisfying for some of us is that it demonstrates a courageous side of the CBC that is sometimes obscured Quest was conceived by a top CBC executive Doug Nixon, whose resounding title is Director of Programing, English network It was launched in the spring of 1960 by Boss McLean under the title of Q for Quest when McLean left the CBC Duke took it over and made it his own

"Quest may not be exactly the experimental show that Doug Nixon first had in mind" Duke says "But we've been able to do shows that we think should be on TV and we've had no interference from any of the higher-ups.

FRANK MORTSUGU



The CBC's Daryl Duke: Jazz Quest and Expressions

TV highlights this fortnight.

☞ OPENING OF PARLIAMENT All the ceremonies plus the Speech from the Throne, with a cast of hundreds (CBC Thursday Sept 27, at 3 p.m EDT, an edited version at 9 p.m. EDT)

☞ FESTIVAL The CBC's most ambitious show opens the new season with Jean Anouilh's The Lark with Kathleen Widdoes as St Joan Douglas Rain as Warwick, and William Hutt as Inquisitor (CBC Monday Oct 1, 9:30 p.m. EDT)

☞ PLAYDATE The one-hour drama series returns with a new play by the talented comic writer Bernard Slade. The Ginger stars Eric House and Corinne Conley (CBC Thursday, Oct 4 at 9 p.m EDT)

☞ BRINKLEY'S JOURNAL One of the best of the American public affairs shows David Brinkley's bright survey of contemporary society comes new to Canada (CTV Sunday, Oct 7, 10 p.m EDT)

ON SPORT
TRENT FRAYNE



How to stay on top without winning

☞ WHO WOULDN'T WANT his son to grow up to be the general manager of a losing football club? All he needs is a lugubrious mien and two stock phrases, one to explain the most recent sacking of the most recent coach ("It was the toughest thing I ever had to do in football") and the other delivered to assembled newshawks with a modest smile to accept an occasional victory ("I think we're on our way, boys") The security in this job is incomparable.

The two most successful losing general managers in the game are Lew Hayman of the Toronto Argonauts and Herb Cappozzi of the Vancouver Lions The teams for which they are responsible have presented more disappointments to more people in the last half-dozen years than the other seven pro clubs combined and there seems no reason to suspect that either is losing his touch.

Hayman's most recent lapse followed a $35 000 gamble that failed miserably Hoping to allay reports of mutiny by the players against coach Leo Agase late last season he signed the coach to a new two-year contract for about $17 500 a year The Argos responded to this psychological stroke by blowing the eastern final to Hamilton and losing three in a row to start this season Hayman, who dug up Agase (then an obscure line coach at Michigan State) in the first place two years ago responded by paying him off in full and performing the toughest thing in football'

Cappozzi's contribution has been less spectacular than Hayman's, largely because the Lions never *have* been anywhere so there's only one direction for them to go. The club was formed in 1954 with the slogan "The Lions will roar in '54" They neither roared nor won football games and Cappozzi who took over in 1957 has maintained their record holding firm while Clem Crowe Dan Edwards and Wayne Robinson (who had a five year contract) were fired as coaches

In professional sports, it's the responsibility of the general manager to assemble the material and of the coach to mold it Hayman and Cappozzi apparently have rewritten the rules and have clearly illustrated how to be successful without actually winning

☞ FATHER DAVE BAUER, a former hot headed leftwinger for the St Michael's junior hockey team and later the coach when that Toronto parochial school won the Memorial Cup has advanced a plan to recruit an entire hockey club at the University of British Columbia (where Bauer now teaches) which will represent Canada at the 1964 Olympic Games The plan has been accepted by the Canadian Amateur Hockey Association

In the wake of this acceptance there ensued a wordy war touched off by Dr Manny Van Vliet director of physical education for the University of Alberta who observed that the CAHA must have thought Bauer had a grass-hockey team in mind in agreeing to let him assemble an all-star team through a university that does not own a rink located in an area that has never produced a hockey player with a team that has never beaten anyone In a snappy non sequitur CAHA past-president Jack Roxburgh responded Father Bauer is one of the greatest coaches in Canada

It is conceivable that Roxburgh is dabbling in hyperbole but there is absolutely no question that Father Bauer is the greatest lobbyist in the history of hockey If I heard the story correctly Father Bauer talked to the amateur overlords for ten minutes, they mulled over his plan for twenty minutes more and then they turned on the green lamp

For the last three thousand years, give or take a century the CAHA has been trying to solve the problem of the care and feeding and recruiting of Canada's Olympic hockey team and now within a half hour, one of the most controversial subjects ever to confront them has been settled incredibly!

☞ AS THE GIANT PRESSES roll, Bert Olmstead is up to here in wheat sheaves on his farm in a place called Scepire, Sask., declining to join the New York Rangers. His grounds it appears are that as a recent member of the Stanley Cup champions the Toronto Maple Leafs he anticipates difficulty adjusting to the murky depths of fourth place, where the Rangers were last seen alive and to which he was dispatched last summer

Mr Olmstead perversely, has never come to me for counsel when his mind is troubled but he'd be a fool to pass up my advice now *Olmstead hide in the wheat sheaves!*

The last man among the Rangers to go missing wound up owning a comfortable segment of the Chase National Bank This, of course was Doug Harvey who last year signed a three-year contract at $27 000 per annum as coach and player for the Rangers Mr Harvey's kids discovered that New York was a nice place to visit but they wouldn't want to live there Mr Harvey passed this news along to the Ranger front office and went fishing



Cappozzi, Hayman: they lose everything but money

When he returned he discovered that the Rangers had removed the wearisome burden of coaching, had decided he could come and go as he pleased this winter and had implored him to accept a $3,000 boost in salary, presumably so that he could fly back and forth to see how the kids liked Montreal.

So just sit tight, Olmstead, wherever you are. There's lots more where that came from, over there at Chase National.



NEW MOVIES

CLYDE GILMOUR

Marriage on film: irony and tired lust

WITH RARE EXCEPTIONS television's sentimental situation comedy concept of marriage continues to dominate the man-and-wife stories Hollywood produces. The British and European movie-makers, however, have recently been focusing on the wedded state with a more clinical detachment, sometimes employing laughter rather than drama or tragedy as the framework for their observations.

Waltz of the Toreadors, for example, offers Peter Sellers as a retired general in Edwardian England, a snorting old goat who still pinches the scullery maids and dreams of a steamy romance with his clandestine French sweetheart (Dany Robin). The general's wife (Margaret Leighton) is a shrewish hypochondriac. The family doctor (Cyril Cusack) is a humorist and a philosopher. The general's aide (John Fraser) is a handsome young bouchard who instantly falls in love with the mademoiselle.

These, of course, are among the familiar ingredients of conventional boudoir farce. But Jean Anouilh's stage play — transplanted from France to England in the Wolf Mankowitz screenplay — is just as sad as it is funny, and the transitions from slapstick pratfalls to sobering psychological realism are not always managed with sufficient finesse. There is a naked ferocity in one or two of the scenes between the general and his self-pitying spouse. Miss Leighton's performance is both honest and accurate, and in my opinion it even over-



Leighton and Sellers: marriage can be tragic farce

shadows the redoubtable Sellers. Once again, as with the smirking American hack writer he portrayed in Hollywood's Lolita, Sellers turns in a series of virtuoso sketches and impersonations instead of a full-length characterization. Waltz of the Toreadors is a rather uneasy blend of discordant elements although it has enough grace and swank and gusto to make it an agreeable entertainment.

Dangerous Love Affairs, a French export, now is circulating in Canada after showing in New York under its original title of Les Liaisons Dangereuses. Examined here is a marriage so sick that it seems to belong to a different world from Hollywood's blurred domestic cartoons. The principals (Gérard Philipe, Jeanne Moreau) blandly encourage each other's adulteries and compare notes after each fresh seduction. At its own jaded level the film is an adroit exercise in "continental" sophistication, weakened at the finish by a contrived and almost sanctimonious wrap-up: one of the sinners is dead and the other scarred for life by their avenging furies.

France's busy and talented Jeanne Moreau also appears in The Night (La Notte), an Italian entry written and directed by Michelangelo Antonioni. The unhappy Milanese she depicts in this enigmatic tale has been married for ten years to a successful popular novelist (Marcello Mastroianni). Such is the extent of their disenchantment that she is able to read aloud one of his most eloquent long-ago love letters without even rippling the stagnant pond of his boredom: he doesn't even remember the letter or guess that he wrote it. In the course of one long night of somewhat rueful depravity and introspection, the writer and his stale mate are forced to conclude that both love and lust have slowly vanished from their union, leaving only a kind of dim compassion and the mechanical civilities of strangers. La Notte has been put together with superb craftsmanship and is well worth seeing, though its underlying "meaning" — if any — remains cryptic at the final fadeout.

NEW BOOKS

☞ THE SOUND OF BOW BELLS. You see, there's this rich New York writer, Jerome Weidman, who came from a poor Jewish family on the East Side. And he's written a book, The Sound of Bow Bells, about a rich New York writer who came from a poor Jewish family on the East Side. And *this* writer —the character in this book—is engaged, when we meet him, in writing a magazine serial about a rich New York writer who came from a poor Jewish family on the East Side. This is a tricky idea, but then The Sound of Bow Bells is tricky in several ways: lots of false suspense, for one thing, and a real switcheroo ending for another. Like all of Weidman's books, it's compulsively readable, like all but a couple of them; it's shallow and rather silly. (Random House, $6.50, 531 pages.) RP

☞ PENNANT RACE. The 1960 baseball season, an unspectacular one, produced a book called The Long Season, the diary of Jim Brosnan, a highly literate and very funny relief pitcher with the Cincinnati Reds. That year the Reds finished fifth in the National League. Fortunately for Brosnan—and anyone else who likes to read the best baseball writing since Ring Lardner—the Reds got hot in 1961 and Brosnan had an excuse to publish a whole new book. It's just as good, just as full of Brosnan's wry wit, and, like his first, it pictures baseball stars as smokin', drinkin', sometimes even neurotic *people* instead of the cardboard cut-outs those dreadfully solemn full-time sports-writers would have us believe in. (Musson, $5.45, 250 pages.) PG

THE SCENE

ROSS McLEAN

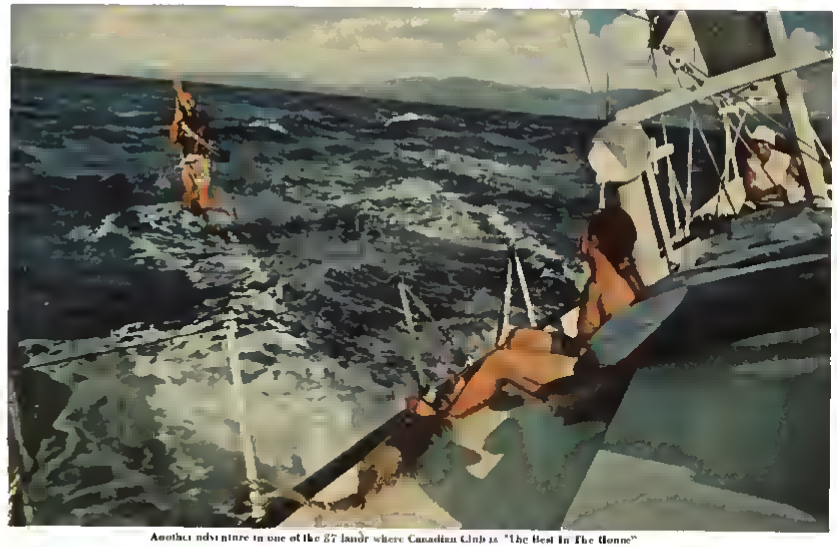


☞ ON OCTOBER 1 Canada's longest-running daily TV program was set to arrive back in Toronto after three months in Montreal, looking very little like itself. True under legal pressure it had long ago switched the name Tabloid, which sounded like a pill, for a number 701, in which sounded like a hotel room but was actually the time of night it appeared. But more than that was askew. It had turned out its cast. Last June, Betty Jean Talbot, Alan Millar, Percy Saltzman and John O'Leary said brave good-byes, looked forward to returning in the fall, fell upon a massive Chinese buffet for which Saltzman had sprung — and vanished from the series. Saltzman alone remains.

The program's new host is Rex Loring, who served on it for a spell in the mid-50s as its announcer but failed to project more than an announcer's standard personality. Loring has played support so often — to Peter Whittall, Frank Willis, Earl Cameron — that even he wonders how he'll do on his own. Who am I? he frankly enquires. To persuade him that he's somebody there will be an announcer to announce 'Here's Rex.' It's the first time anyone has ever tendered Loring that courtesy.

☞ WHY RON METCALFE, of all people, should be seized by a mission to bring back the big band is not quickly clear—he isn't even a musician. But he is as two successful LPs attest, a band leader with a shrewd sense of business and a flair for promotion. This fall he's following into the United States the trade of such disparate native Canadian music makers as Guy Lombardo and Maynard Ferguson. His 19-piece band is playing dance dates at Penn State, Cornell and Duke Universities and later this month he'll come back to Canada to supply the music for Toronto's natty Trafalgar Ball. What's become of the big band, anyway? Aside from the fact that the generation that misses it most patronizes it least when it comes to town, Metcalfe also regrets that those bands who survived the prosperous 1940s have shown little urge to fight. An eerie aftermath of the big band era has also been the "ghost band" traveling under the banner of a deceased leader (Glenn Miller, Tommy Dorsey) and offering music to stain his memory and strain the listener's.

☞ JOYCE DAVIDSON is getting into the movies, but not exactly as she dreamed when she was a teen-ager in Hamilton Pubboty, which has long been an unwelcome byproduct of her television career, now becomes her main goal. Paramount has hired her as a unit publicist. As a first assignment she is asked to plant articles in magazines about a film now being shot in Knoxville, Tennessee, based upon the fine novel A Death in The Family, by the late James Agee. All The Way Home, as the Broadway play and the film are titled, stars Robert Preston and Jean Simmons. How will Davidson do as a drum-beater? Forthcoming issues of U.S. periodicals should show. Meanwhile, she's made Maclean's, hasn't she?



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2. "I took a header straight into the rolling waves. As the Trade Queen turned to right herself, the rope in my hand grew tighter. I felt I'd never reach the surface again and I began to wonder how long I'd be able to hold my breath.



3. "The boat suddenly heeled over, and it was catapulted the other way—speeding straight for the boat's hull. I got set for the crash. Then I saw the skipper waiting at the rail to intercept me. That's when I finally realized that he was part of the game, too!

4. "Back on deck, we made plans for another run the following day. Then we toasted the sport—and ourselves—with a drink of that very versatile favourite, Canadian Club.

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